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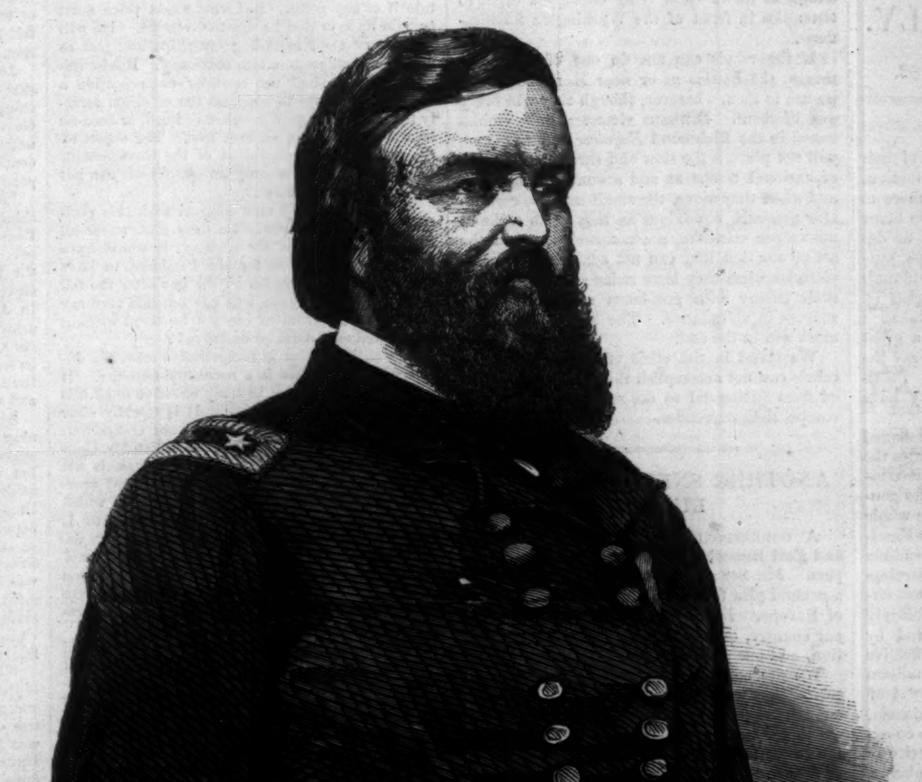

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN POPE, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA

MAJOR-GENERAL POPE.

Major-General John Pope, Commander of the Army of Virginia, whose portrait we give herewith, was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point from Illinois in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in Missouri. Bands of marauders were at that time overrunning the State, burning bridges, robbing Union men, and firing into army trains. General Pope inaugurated the plan of making each county responsible for outbreaks occurring therein. An attack having subsequently been made by the rebels on a body of Union men, General Pope assessed the damage at a given sum, ordered the county to pay it on a day fixed, and, when the county officials showed a disposition to trifle with him, seized property and produce enough to pay the amount required. He was subsequently appointed by General Halleck to the command of Central Missouri, and effected several important seizures of rebel arms and supplies, which rendered it necessary for General Price to fall back. When General Curtis was sent in pursuit of Price, General Pope was dispatched to Commerce, Missouri, where he organized with remarkable dispatch a compact army of about 12,000 men, and marched through the swamp to the rear of New Madrid. He took the place by a brilliant dash, seizing a large quantity of arms and munitions of war: then, conjointly with the mortar and gun-boat fleet, laid siege to Island No. 10. The siege might have been indefinitely prolonged but for "a transverse movement" undertaken by General Pope. He cut a canal through the swamp and bayou, through which a gun-boat and transports were sent to him from above. This enabled him to cross the river, and to bag the entire rebel army at Island No. 10. General Pope was subsequently ordered to reinforce General Halleck at Corinth. His was the first corps to enter the place after the evacuation, and he pursued the flying force of Beauregard for forty miles, capturing large stores of ammunition and a large number of prisoners.

In May last General Pope was called from the West to Washington, and placed in command of the Army of Virginia, which consisted of three *corps d'armée*, under Generals M'Dowell, Sigel, and Banks. On assuming the command General Pope issued the following stirring address to his army:

> Washington, *July* 14, 1862.
>
> To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia.
>
> By special assignment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army.
>
> I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.
>
> I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack, and not defense.
>
> In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western armies in a defensive attitude.
>
> I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy.
>
> It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.
>
> I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.
>
> Meantime, I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you.
>
> I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and of bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.
>
> The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.
>
> Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves.
>
> Let us look before, and not behind.
>
> Success and glory are in the advance.
>
> Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.
>
> Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.
>
> John Pope,
> Major-General Commanding.

General Pope advanced without delay, concentrating his forces on the Rappahannock, and located his head-quarters at Warrenton, Virginia. From this point the army gradually advanced toward Richmond, the cavalry under the direction of General Hatch actively scouting and making the country too hot for spies or guerrillas. On the 2d of August the reconnoitring column crossed the Rapidan, pushed forward to Orange Court House, took possession of the town, then in the possession of the rebel cavalry under Robertson. Eleven of the rebels were killed and fifty-two taken prisoners, among whom were a major, two captains, and two lieutenants. The Union loss was but two killed and three wounded. The rebels left their wounded behind. The railroad track and telegraph line between Orange Court House and Gordonsville were destroyed. Another party shortly after destroyed Frederick Hall Station and the railroad line for several miles between Richmond and Gordonsville. On the 9th of August the famous battle of Cedar Mountain was fought by General Banks's corps of General Pope's army. The severity of the contest, and the bravery with which it was fought, are still fresh in our readers' minds. We need but allude to it. The rebels retreated under cover of the darkness of the night of the 11th, and General Pope took possession of the ground formerly held by them. General Pope followed up the battle by pursuing the rebels across the Rapidan with his cavalry and a small infantry force, occasionally engaging them. He next pushed on his whole army to the Rapidan, General Sigel's corps driving back the rebels every time they attempted to cross that river. The rebels, under General Lee, in strong force, next began to move on General Pope in front, while Jackson attempted to outflank him. He, however, managed to defeat their plans for the time by organizing a fighting retreat, during which General Sigel's corps acted brilliantly. At last, however, Jackson succeeded in getting into his rear, and Pope was surrounded. But he brilliantly released himself from the difficulty by cutting his way through the rebels and forming a junction with the Union troops in his rear.

During Pope's administration of his new department he has made himself remarkable by the energy of his movements and the determination evinced in his general orders. The rebels became so furious with him that they denounced him by general order, in which they declared that if he or any of his officers were taken prisoners, they would be treated as common felons. Instead of being cowed by such an announcement, it only added vigor to his already vigorous plans.

We publish on page 581 three illustrations from the army of Virginia, sketched by our special artist, Mr. Davenport. The following account of the skirmish at Freeman's Ford, in which General Bohlen lost his life, will be found interesting:

> When the artillery attack on Sigel had lulled a little, the brave General determined to feel the rebel strength opposite his position. Accordingly he ordered General Carl Schurz to reconnoitre with his division, and, if possible, to cross the river. Schurz's division comprises two brigades, of which he took only the first, General Bohlen, for the reconnoissance. The Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania was sent over first, the men wading breast-deep through the water, holding their pieces and ammunition above their heads to keep them dry.
>
> Schurz's crossing was unopposed. He kept on up the opposite bank, and out upon the level ground, and went more than a mile before his pickets came face to face with the enemy's. They had no choice but to face about and attack Schurz in his own position, which they did in force.
>
> The fight on this trans-Rappahannock field was hotly contested—as you may well imagine from the fact that it commenced at about 9 A.M. and lasted until 6 o'clock in the evening! But up to 5 o'clock, when I passed that way, Sigel had not lost above 50 or 60 in killed and wounded. But one brave man and true patriot had gone to his account—Brigadier-General Bohlen, of Philadelphia, commanding the First Brigade, Third Division, Sigel's Army Corps, had fallen while at the head of his command he was waving his sword and cheering on his men.

"KILLED IN ACTION."

Mourn for the young, the brave!
Let the fife wail, and touch the muffled drum!
Bid soldiers, comrades, friends, around him come,
And lay him gently in a soldier's grave.

Take for his fitting pall
The grand old flag in whose defense he fell,
The glorious banner which he loved so well,
And o'er his corse now let it sadly fall.

Upon the hero's breast
Lay the good sword, drawn to guard our land;
Clasp on its hilt each cold and stiff'ning hand;
Wrapped in his cloak, bear him unto his rest.

We lay the fallen brave
'Neath this old oak, which saw the deadly fight;
Here, too, the sun's last ling'ring gleam of light
Shall shed its radiance on the soldier's grave.

Through all the coming years
The laurels on his tomb shall never fade,
But flourish there, fresh, bright, and undecayed—
Kept fair and blooming by a nation's tears!

What though no mossy stone
May mark the spot where the young soldier sleeps,
Yet o'er his humble grave a nation weeps—
A grateful country mourns her patriot son!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 13, 1862.

THE SITUATION.

THE rebels have transferred the bulk of their army to the vicinity of Manassas Junction, and the bulk of our Eastern army is there to oppose them. At the hour we write we know that four battles have been fought with no decided success on either side. Our troops, outnumbered as they are, have, however, held their own. Manassas Junction and the Heights of Centreville are ours still. We have taken a large number of prisoners, and killed a great many rebels. Our enemy can probably say the same. Such is the situation at present. Possibly before these lines are read it may have changed materially.

From the moment General Halleck assumed command of the armies of the United States the programme which had been previously determined was essentially modified. That acute general and statesman realized, as soon as the whole responsibility of the war was laid on his shoulders, that if we are to win in this tremendous contest it must be through a thorough development of our numerical strength, and a concentrated exertion of our forces. He accordingly directed new levies, by volunteering and by draft, for the purpose of swelling our effective army to the unparalleled number of a million of men. He next ordered the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, in order that it should be in a position to co-operate with the other Union soldiers in service in Virginia. Both orders have been, or are being, carried out. We have at this moment nearly or quite 700,000 men under arms, and within a month the remaining 300,000 will be awaiting arms, equipment, and transportation to the seat of war. The Army of the Potomac has been withdrawn from the Peninsula without the loss of a man or a gun. Thus far General Halleck's programme has been carried out to the letter.

Meanwhile the caitiffs who pretend to carry on a government under the control of Jeff Davis have realized that if the Halleck plan be fairly carried out the cause of the Slaveholders' Confederacy is utterly gone. With an energy worthy of an honest cause, and well deserving of imitation by our leaders, they no sooner ascertained that M'Clellan was evacuating the Peninsula than they threw their whole force upon the line of the Rappahannock, and periled every thing for the sake of destroying Pope and capturing Washington. The seizure of Washington has been the day-dream of their most fiery leaders from the beginning, and there is reason to believe that nothing but the prudence of Jeff Davis has prevented the attempt being made before. Now, it seems, the hopelessness of conducting a contest against a million of armed soldiers of the Union has induced the rebel President to waive his scruples, and to adopt the programme urged upon him a year ago by Beauregard and others of his confederates.

To succeed in this new rebel enterprise the rebels must take and hold either Washington or Baltimore—it matters little which. If they take Washington, recognition by the European Powers follows as a matter of course, and a treaty offensive and defensive would probably be concluded in due order. If they take and hold Baltimore, Washington would fall in course of time, and the result would be the same. But nothing short of the accomplishment of one of these two objects could repay the rebels for the risk they are running. What is the prospect?

We have, on the south side of the Potomac, as large an army as can be manœuvred on any battle-field, largely composed of veterans who have fought on the Peninsula, and in the Shenandoah Valley. Before a rebel regiment can be safely crossed into Maryland this army must be destroyed. If Jackson, or Lee, or Hill, or Longstreet, or any other rebel commander undertakes to cross an army over the Upper Potomac into Maryland, and succeeds in storming the powerful batteries which have been erected to protect the line of that river, he will find himself, after crossing, without a base, and hopelessly isolated from support. There is no place in Maryland where he could feed his army for a week. Whatever the sympathies of the rich men of Baltimore may be, the people of that city would resist him to the death, for the simple reason that not to do so would be to insure the destruction of their beautiful city. The moment a rebel army crosses into Maryland it will find itself in an enemy's country, with its base of supplies and its return home hopelessly cut off. With regard to an attack on the forts erected for the protection of Washington on the south side of the Potomac, from Chain Bridge to Alexandria, and similarly on the north side from Georgetown to Fort Washington, all that can be said of them is that General M'Clellan, whose ability as an engineer no one has ever questioned, pronounces them impregnable. Yet if the rebels are to succeed in their design, they must either cross into Maryland and carry on war successfully without supplies, base of operations, or line of retreat; or they must attack and storm these forts after having attacked and destroyed an army fully as strong as theirs—now lying encamped eight to ten miles in front of the Washington fortifications.

If the rebels can not do one of these two things, the battles at or near Manassas are of no use to them whatever, though they win every one of them. Brilliant victories, duly emblazoned in the Richmond *Enquirer* and *Dispatch*, will not prevent the slow and sure accumulation of national troops at and around Washington, and when they move, the result must be certain. Our generals, obnoxious as they seem to be to newspaper criticism, are not such tyros in the art of war that they can not achieve substantial victories when they have twice as many men as their enemy with gun-boats and military resources in abundance. The biggest battalions must win in the end.

We stand in the crisis of the war. If the rebels can not accomplish that which they started from Richmond to do, self-preservation will compel their surrender.

ANOTHER SNEER FROM EARL RUSSELL.

A correspondence between Mr. Seward and Earl Russell has been published in the papers. Mr. Seward's letter, written in May, was a general plea for the Union cause in the Courts of Europe. Earl Russell's reply is a sneer at our country, our cause, our army, our civilization, and our prospects.

We are sorry the letters were written, and sorrier they were published. There is bad blood enough between this country and England without increasing it needlessly. It will be hard for the present generation of Americans to forget or forgive the unfair and ungenerous treatment they have endured at the hands of the English since this war broke out: the brutal bullying on the *Trent* affair; the persistent misrepresentation of our purposes and our prospects by British statesmen and British journals; the aid and comfort granted to the rebels by British merchants, manufacturers, and officials in every British colony. These just causes of anger have irritated us enough already; it was not worth while to choose the moment of our deepest agony to shoot more barbs into our flesh. It is difficult to perceive what good object could possibly be served by the inditing or the publication of this correspondence.

We are at a loss, for our part, to discover what Mr. Seward expected to gain by writing the dispatch to which Earl Russell's taunts are a reply. Experience should have taught him the peril of indulging in hopeful prophecy. His correspondence with our representatives abroad, which was laid before Congress in December last and published as an official document, teems with expressions of hopes that were never realized, confident predictions which never came true, and opinions which the event seldom verified. With this warning before him, to embark afresh in the work of prophesying, and painting our history rose-color, argues more rashness than we would have imputed to our experienced Secretary of State. And, again, what can we gain by letting Europe know how right we think we are, and how sure we feel of success? Does Mr. Seward suppose that the Government and people of England are to be swayed by reasoning, or by considerations of right and wrong in this matter? If he does, he is the only man in the country who does so. All the rest of us were long since satisfied that England has never had any other wish in regard to our war than to see the United States divided—a great nation weakened, and a manufacturing and commercial rival crippled. This has been the clew to her policy all along. There has never been any other. Right and wrong, slavery and freedom, justice and injustice, even free-trade and protection—have never had any weight in determining her course. British statesmen and the British people have never swerved an inch from the great object on which they had set their heart from the first, which was to secure the division of the Union. Mr. Roebuck confesses the fact in his crude, blunt way. Under these circumstances could any thing be sillier than to hope to change the policy of England by arguments founded on abstract justice, or honesty, or good feeling? As reasonable would it be to preach morality to a burglar with his hand in your strong box.

We hope we have seen the last of these appeals to the honesty or the pity of Europe. They only get us laughed at, and afford a miserable demagogue like Earl Russell an opportunity of sneering at our misfortunes. The work we have got to do we must do ourselves, and we ought long since to have made up our mind that we may as well ask Jeff Davis for aid or sympathy as England.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

The letter of the President to Mr. Greeley was editorially discussed in these columns last week, but it bears further consideration. It is a perfectly distinct statement of his position. He says that he is the Chief Magistrate of the Union; that he is sworn to maintain it; and that he means to maintain it at any price. But what exact price must be paid he says that he must determine. He will take every step, including emancipation, just as fast as it shall seem to him necessary. But he implies that he shall not consider emancipation a measure necessary to suppress the rebellion merely because it is a good measure in itself, or because he would gladly see all men free. The object of the war is the preservation of the Government. Emancipation can be only an episode—it can not be the purpose of the war.

Will any sensible man quarrel with this position? Will any sensible man say that, under all the circumstances of the country, it would have been wise or humane for the President to have proclaimed emancipation on the day after the fall of Sumter? Or, again, will any sensible man say that if the Government can not be saved without emancipation it must be destroyed?

The critical point is to determine *when* the decree of emancipation is a necessary measure. It is clear that it can not be truly effective until it is supported by public opinion. It is equally clear that the mere declaration would not create that opinion. "The Golden Hour," of which Mr. Conway so earnestly and impetuously writes, is not the hour in which war gives the President command of all military measures, but that in which the love of the Union and the Government is stronger in the heart of the nation than party spirit, or the antipathies of race, or the prejudices of ignorance and passion. For it is precisely upon these that the result of the act depends. Therefore the time must be determined by a sagacious apprehension of the national feeling.

It does not follow that the people would respond to a great act of emancipation because they ought to respond. No man who has carefully and sensitively studied the public mind during the war but must be very sure that nothing required more delicate management than the very question which the war itself seemed to settle beyond dispute. Nor would any honest man consciously wish that any great measure should be premature. If indeed he declare that no measure like this *can* be premature, he is honest, but he is not reasonable.

Knowing perfectly well, then, that the President faithfully follows what he considers to be the national wish in the prosecution of this war—knowing equally well that he is a humane and honorable man, and that we are to be saved only through him, not over him, what is our duty?

Clearly, it is to create that public opinion. It is to show that, as the war sprang from slavery, so peace is impossible while slavery lasts; to show that slavery is to-day the strength of the conspiracy, and that to make war upon the rebellion, and leave that untouched, is to fight with blank cartridges and with the sword sheathed.

But how, you ask—how if that perception comes too late? Why, if it comes too late we are lost. But it will not be the fault of the President. It will be the fatal consequence of the long dominance of slavery, which will have confused the national common-sense as well as have corrupted the public conscience.

"How," the President might ask in turn—"how if I declare emancipation before the nation believes it to be necessary? Will it, of course, approve? If it should, all is well. If it should not, should I have secured freedom for the slaves if I had lost the support of the nation?"

"But the people *would* support you, Sir."

"Yes," he seems to answer, "you think so sincerely. When *I* think so, and I invite you to persuade me, I will say the word."

Emancipation, to be the effectual measure that we believe, must be actually decreed by the nation, not merely formally proclaimed by the President. And let us be patient, for this nation is not effete before it is old. It has learned in a year and a half what would have been a gain for half a century in ordinary times.

Meanwhile it is the duty of the President to go quite as fast as the people. When Congress passes a law especially bearing upon our condition to-day, he is to take peculiar care that every military and civil officer is apprised of it, and he is to be very sure that it is obeyed. He is to show under the magistrate who impartially does his duty the man who does it with glad alacrity when it favors human liberty. He is not to pretend an impartiality, which no honest man feels, between justice and injustice. While he waits to hear what the people wish, he is to show that his heart leaps with joy when they wish nobly, and to inform the world that the Chief Magistrate of the Union is never so happy as when enforcing laws that bend to the lowest and most hapless of his fellow-men, and whisper to them, "Friends, come up higher!"

If this be the President's position, the conviction of the people will not sweep him away as a spring freshet a dam; it will only waft him to port, as winds blow the well-trimmed ship laden with priceless treasure.

BRITISH FRIENDSHIP.

Lord Russell, the British Foreign Secretary, has written a letter to the British Minister at Washington in reply to a dispatch of Mr. Seward's. The tone and the expressions of the letter are alike insulting. He leaves Mr. Seward's dispatch unnoticed for a month, and, when he affects to answer, entirely evades the point of it.

Lord Russell says that the British Government wishes heartily to see, in the words of the President, an end of this unnecessary and injurious civil war. The President of the United States, when he uses that expression, means evidently one thing, Lord Russell as evidently means another. He means to insinuate, as any candid reader of his note will see, that it is an unnecessary war upon the part of both "belligerents." The President means that it is an unnecessary rebellion, because every change in our policy can be peacefully and constitutionally secured, if the people wish it. Lord Russell says, in effect and spirit, that the British Government has at heart nothing more than to see the injurious and unnecessary attempt of the United States Government to maintain itself brought to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

Judged by the context of his note, what would that satisfactory conclusion be? Could it be any thing but the defeat or the compromise of that Government? When he, a foreigner, calls our war unnecessary, he includes both parties to it in his condemnation. What is the sense of such an expression in his mouth?

Lord Russell is an English Whig. Does he think the Revolution of '88 an unnecessary war? Does he think the Great Rebellion of 1645 equally so? Does he think the campaign of 1745 against the Pretender an unnecessary war of the British Government to defend itself against destruction? In April, 1848, if the Chartists had appeared in arms, and Mr. Feargus O'Connor had called upon the Queen to surrender Ireland and whatever else he wanted, would Lord John Russell have stigmatized her refusal and a consequent war as injurious and unnecessary?

Again, Lord Russell says that since the beginning of the war "Her Majesty's Government have pursued a friendly, open, and consistent course." Let us see. When a successful assault had been made upon an exposed and starving garrison of United States soldiers by an armed and infuriated populace—for it was then nothing more—and when an embassador of the United States, specially instructed, was known to be on his way to England, was it "friendly and open" in the British Government, refusing to wait and hear what he might explain, to declare the friendly Government of the United States and its domestic enemies equal belligerents?

When, in December last, news reached England of the *Trent* seizure, and the mind of the country was so inflamed against us, calling for war to chastise our reckless insult to the British flag, which was popularly believed to be authorized by the United States Government, was it "friendly and open" for the British Prime Minister to hide in his pocket an authoritative disclaimer from this Government of intent to insult, and to hold his tongue for a fortnight while the popular misapprehension which his silence confirmed was driving the nation into war? It was "consistent" with the traditional disregard of moral honor and political principle which distinguishes the British foreign policy, but was it "friendly?" was it "open?"

Is this very letter of the Foreign Secretary—calling the war which the Government could not refuse without suffering itself to be destroyed, "injurious and unnecessary;" scoffing at the "loose blockade," and, in its last sentence, sneering at the repression of treasonable speeches—is this letter an illustration of the openness and friendliness of the British Government?

These are not new things to say, but the bubble of British impartiality in this war is so constantly blown up by British breath that it must be as constantly pricked by American pens and tongues, or somebody may seriously suppose there is something in it.

"PEACE."

Of course no honest man is deceived by such a "Union" meeting as that lately held in Philadelphia. Its object was to say to Jeff Davis and the conspirators, "If you will only hold out long enough, we will try hard to divide the North upon this cry of Abolitionism. If we succeed, you will have an easy victory over the Government, and you will remember your friends."

The meeting was intended to secure the surrender of the country to the rebellion; to make it appear that the true enemies of the national peace were not the rebels in arms, but those who demand that the Government shall be saved at all cost; to declare that Vallandigham and Wickliffe are the model patriots, and the Administration, the hardy and heroic army, and the great body of the loyal citizens of the country are incendiaries, fanatics, and traitors.

The meeting was a miserable failure. It failed in every way. It failed in numbers, in enthusiasm, in eloquence. The aim of Mr. Ingersoll—a rich citizen of Philadelphia—was to excite the hatred of one class of the poorer citizens against another. It was a lofty aim! It was a "conservative" strain! It was a manly conduct!

Every meeting, every where, which seeks to palliate the enormous crime of this rebellion by accusing those who oppose the rebels, is effectively as treasonable an assembly as Jeff Davis's Congress. There is not a man who enters into such meetings earnestly who does not sympathize more sincerely with the rebel, than with the national, Congress. He does not openly denounce the Government, for he has learned that that is not a safe business, but he angrily denounces all who are for maintaining it at every cost. The real enemies of the Union, he insists, are those who are resolved to save it. Let us hang those, he cries, who are for preserving the Union any how, and all will be serene.

So it will; perfectly serene for the men who assert that they are our natural masters: who murder our bravest and best, and torture those whom they do not kill; who are bent upon destroying our peace and prosperity if they can not use us for their own purposes. Let the people who are struggling for all that is precious to men or nations spew out these politicians, who are trying to do the dirty work of the rebellion in the very heart of our camp. Let them be made to understand that the people of this country mean to save their Government at any cost, and if that cost shall include justice to an outraged class, they will be only the more religiously resolved.

And whether Jeff Davis remembers his friends or not after the desperate and terrible war is over and every household in the land sits among its ruins and counts its loved and honored and lost, the people of this country will remember in that hour with dreadful distinctness the men who now, in the midst of peril and upon the very battle-field, are trying to stab their country and help its enemies.

THE VIEWS OF SOME GENERALS.

IT is most creditable to Generals Sickles, Meagher, and Corcoran—all of whom have proved themselves brave soldiers—that in their speeches for the war they heartily denounce the attempt to dissuade enlistments by the cry of abolitionism. They say distinctly, what for their future it is to be hoped they see as clearly, that at this moment there are no parties whatever except true men and traitors. There is the party for the war, and the party against it. Those who are constantly shouting that the abolitionists ought to be hung belong to the party that Jeff Davis loves. General Corcoran puts it well when he says that he does not ask whether the man at his side is an abolitionist or a pro-slavery man, so long as he stands firmly shoulder to shoulder, and strikes straight for the Union.

Let us settle that we have a Union, and then determine what party we belong to. And to that settlement let nothing impede our way. Neither of the Generals that we name are "abolitionists," as the word has been used, and they are not known as anti-slavery men. They may even believe it practicable to save the Union and leave slavery unharmed. But that they would let the Union slide rather than slavery we do not believe; and that they will presently see that effectually to end the war the slave system must be suppressed we do not doubt.

General Cochrane and General Busteed have already said what they think of the question. The latter, with acute humor, declares that he does not see that if his blood is not too good and precious to be shed for the Government why a black man's is. He does not believe that the lives of colored people are any more valuable than those of other people; nor does he see why white men should go as substitutes for black ones.

General Sickles, in his Brooklyn speech and elsewhere, mentions the folly of supposing that the liberation of slaves would bring them to the North. He says, what every sensible person sees to be true, that it would be the very thing to keep them at home, because then they would have a fair chance.

General Spinola declares that he thinks white men better fight and colored men dig. But he says that if the rebels lose their slaves they have only themselves to thank for it.

If, then, we can help our brave fellows in the field, and at once shorten their service and the war by disorganizing the labor, the lines, and the life, of the rebels, we do not believe one of these Generals would insist upon keeping them strengthened. For they are Generals not only because they wish to serve their country, but because they are shrewd men and understand the necessities of things.

REPRESSING THE PRESS.

GENERAL HALLECK does not show himself less worthy the public confidence because he forbids correspondents in camp. While we are compelled to make war let us do it in a warlike way. Let us have secrecy of movement, and if it can not be absolute, let us be as secret as we can. General Halleck is said to be a man who does not care for any body's criticism or opposition. Such a statement is probably an extravagant manner of expressing a most desirable quality of character.

One thing, of course, he will not forget. The people have a right to know the current course of affairs, and the authorities have no right to change or cook the truth. When, therefore, the Government undertakes to supply us with information, it must do it. After Ball's Bluff the Government was apparently guilty of tampering with the nation: that is to say, it had control of the telegraph and it did not tell the truth. We had been bitterly and simply routed, and the news came to us as a success even, then a masterly falling back. If the authorities were themselves misinformed, there was no offense on their part, but they should never have been again misinformed by those officers at least.

So the retreat of M'Clellan upon the Peninsula was first announced as a great movement which was sure to secure Richmond. Exactly what that movement was is now evident to the blindest prejudice. If it were represented to the Government as other than a retreat, the Government should take care never to be deceived by the same persons again.

Some newspapers assume that the Government stops correspondence, from the conviction that the people are children and cowards who can not bear to hear the truth. On the contrary, the Government treats us like men who understand that war has the most rigid necessities, and who can wait until the issue of a movement before we hear all the details. We greatly mistake General Halleck if he is going to suffer any falsehoods or glosses to be telegraphed. He alone, if the Generals in the field are faithful, knows, from hour to hour, the fortune of the day. He alone can tell us at the earliest moment the comprehensive result. It would be the height of folly in him to excite the public with every account he receives. On the other hand, it would be downright madness to conceal any important event.

But why should we presuppose him to be a fool? He is a citizen precisely as we are. He understands the peculiar impatience and the actual rights of the public quite as accurately as we. Let us candidly try him. Let us see if he is demented by his position. Thus far he certainly does not seem to be. When he does, let us not hold our tongues.

THE QUAKERS AND THE WAR.

THE Legislature of Rhode Island lately debated a proposition not to exempt Quakers from military duty. The ground of those who wished that they should serve like other citizens was that the Quakers enjoyed all the benefits of the Government, sued in the courts, and shared a protection which rested at last upon the bayonet; and that consequently to release them from the duty of supporting that Government, in the last resort, was to be guilty of class legislation.

The reply to this was, that non-resistance was a tenet of the sect, and that to compel them to fight was to interfere with that religious liberty and equal respect of sects which the fundamental law guarantees.

The proposition was lost by a heavy majority.

Yet the ground of the defense seems to be unsound. To excuse the Quakers, as a religious sect, from duties which are imposed upon all other sects, is evidently a very unequal respect for sects. The only true ground of excuse should be not that a man is a Quaker, but that he is a non-resistant. For by what just law can a non-resistant Quaker be excused from military service, and a non-resistant Baptist or Methodist compelled to serve? Suppose that a new sect should appear with a new tenet of non-resistance, to the effect that governments should be supported by voluntary contributions, should the members of the sect be excused from taxation? And if the members of the sect, then why not all citizens who hold similar opinions?

Unless, therefore, all persons who conscientiously object to fighting are to be released from military duty, there is no good reason why any of them should be.

The law in regard to the exemption of Quakers is of no great importance in itself, because they are not a large class, and because many of them practically disregard it, and are as gallant soldiers as any in the field. But the principle of the law is very important. It favors one sect. It discriminates between equal citizens. It is really a law of privilege, and ought to be repealed. Then if it shall be thought wise to excuse all citizens who have true conscientious scruples against fighting, let a law be made to secure their release.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ALL men are kings by birth, for no man is born without a crown to his head.

SENTIMENTAL YOUTH. "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"

PRACTICAL GIRL. "How many acres is your lot, Sir?"

"Jones has a reverence for truth," said Brown. "So I perceive," was Smith's reply, "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

Why is a milkman like Pharaoh's daughter?—Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

What is the most daring theft a man can be guilty of?—Taking the chair at a public meeting.

What is the most wonderful of acrobatic feats?—For a man to revolve in his mind.

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?—Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

An Irishman being asked at breakfast how he came by "that black eye," said "he slept on his fist."

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger?—A hole in a stocking.

He is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

"The ugliest trades," said Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind and the man can—it's a human privilege."

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

We are told to have hope and trust, but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get trust?

An Irish stationer, after advertising a variety of articles, gives the following *nota bene:* "To regular customers I sell wafers gratis."

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves, giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

LADIES' SKINS.—A furrier wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner, out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to one of his advertisements: "N.B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, *out of their own skins!*"

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD.—The "Room for Improvement."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA—THE REBELS AT MANASSAS.

ON the evening of 26th the enemy's cavalry appeared at Manassas Station. The troops engaged numbered, according to all accounts, nearly two thousand men, and were a portion of Colonel Fitzhugh Lee's forces, which made the attack on Catlett's Station a few days previous. The attack appears to have been first made on a train of cars at Bristow, about four and a half miles west of Manassas; but the train, putting on extra speed, escaped. The rebel cavalry then made a dash on Manassas, where they were partially checked by the Eleventh New York battery. The resistance, though gallant, was ineffectual, and the rebels destroyed every thing within their reach—the railroad track, the cars, the telegraph wires, and all the Government stores and buildings. The place appeared to have been undefended, save by three or four companies of infantry and the single battery of undisciplined troops, who were unable to make any defense.

THEY ARE DRIVEN BACK.

The following dispatch from General Pope explains the course he pursued:

MANASSAS JUNCTION, *August* 28—10 P.M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

As soon as I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right, toward Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there two days before had not yet arrived from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camp at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed M'Dowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, to march upon Gainesville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwich; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction.

M'Dowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy which had passed down to Manassas, through Gainesville, and his main body, moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished, Longstreet, who had passed through the Gap, being driven back to the west side.

The forces to Greenwich were designed to support M'Dowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy. The division of Hooker, marching toward Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run on the afternoon of the 27th, and, after a sharp action, routed them completely, killing and wounding three hundred, capturing camps and baggage and many stand of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by Centreville, and took the turnpike toward Warrenton. He was met six miles west of Centreville by M'Dowell and Sigel late this afternoon. A severe fight took place, which was terminated by darkness. The enemy was driven back at all points, and thus the affair rests.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight from Centreville, and I do not see how the enemy is to escape without heavy loss. We have captured one thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.

JOHN POPE, Major-General.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

The following dispatch explains itself:

HEAD-QUARTERS, FIELD OF BATTLE,
GROVETON, NEAR GAINESVILLE, *August* 30, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.:

We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy.

Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters; but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

We have lost not less than 8000 men killed and wounded, and, from the appearance of the field, the enemy have lost at least two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every attack was made by ourselves.

Our troops have behaved splendidly.

The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches us from the front that the enemy is retreating toward the mountains. I go forward at once to see.

We have made great captures; but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

JOHN POPE,
Major-General Commanding.

ANOTHER BATTLE ON 30TH.

The fighting was renewed on Saturday between General Pope and the enemy, who had been considerably reinforced. The battle was a severe one, the rebels gaining the advantage and compelling General Pope to fall back to Centreville, which he did in good order. Franklin's corps reached him at this point on Saturday evening, and General Sumner's division was rapidly marching up to join him. He was expected to make another assault on the enemy on 31st, with the fresh troops thus added to his army, but there was very little fighting on that day, not more than an occasional skirmish. The army was in fine condition and good spirits. The position of General Pope is represented as the strongest in the vicinity of Washington. Rebel scouts have penetrated as far as Langley's station, in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge; but it is said that all necessary precautions have been taken to prevent a surprise of the capital in that direction.

PRESENT SITUATION.

At the time we write (noon on September 2), the Army of Virginia, reinforced by the bulk of the Army of the Potomac and other troops in considerable numbers, lies intrenched on the heights of Centreville. General Banks is understood to be at Manassas Junction. The rebels made no attack on 31st August or 1st September, and appear to be waiting for Pope to make the next move in the game. M'Clellan is at Alexandria, in command of some remains of his army. Burnside is at Aquia Creek, having just evacuated Fredericksburg. Troops are pouring into Washington at the rate of several thousand a day.

DESTRUCTION OF CITY POINT.

The rebel rendezvous at City Point was completely demolished on Thursday last by the gun-boats of Commodore Wilkes. It appears that for some time past the enemy had been harassing our transports, and Commodore Wilkes sent them word that if they did not desist he would shell them out. The response to this threat was a further reinforcement of riflemen and cannon and a more brisk fire upon our flotilla. The gun-boats then proceeded to carry out Commodore Wilkes's announcement, and finally demolished every building at City Point and drove the rebels clear out of their strong-hold.

A DEFEAT IN KENTUCKY.

The rebels, 1800 strong, under Morgan, came into collision with General Johnson, near Gallatin, on the 21st, and compelled his force of 700 men to surrender. General Johnson and staff were kindly treated by the rebel chief, and released on parole. The Union loss was twenty-six killed, including Lieutenant Wynkoop, of the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, and two other officers, and thirty-three wounded. The rebel loss, including several officers, was thirteen killed and fifty wounded.

ANOTHER.

The following telegram is published:

CINCINNATI, *August* 31, 1862.

On Friday afternoon the rebels beyond Richmond, Kentucky, drove in our cavalry. General Manson, with the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Indiana, moved up, and after throwing a few shells the enemy retreated rapidly beyond Rogersville, leaving one gun behind. Manson bivouacked for the night, and on Saturday morning advanced with two regiments and four guns, and coming up with the enemy, an artillery fight began, with heavy loss on both sides. The enemy attempted to turn our left flank, when sharp fighting occurred between the skirmishers. The Sixty-ninth Indiana advanced through a dense fire of shot and shell to the relief of our skirmishers, and behaved like old soldiers; but the rebels finally turned our left flank and advanced in full force on our column. General Manson ordered a retreat, fell back three miles, and re-formed in line of battle on high hills, with artillery in position on the right and left flanks.

The firing by artillery was recommenced and kept up by both sides very briskly. After fighting about two hours the enemy advanced on our right flank, under cover of the woods, and after severe fighting succeeded in turning it. Retreat immediately took place to the original camping ground. Here General Nelson came up, and, after great efforts, succeeded in rallying the men, and formed another line of battle. Our artillery ammunition was nearly exhausted, and some of the guns were left without a man to work them, all having been killed or wounded.

General Nelson was wounded at about three P.M., when the men again fell back, retreating to Lexington. The enemy's forces numbered 15,000 or 20,000. The Union forces engaged were the Ninty-fifth Ohio, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Sixty-sixth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-first Indiana, Mundy's and Metcalf's cavalry. The loss in killed and wounded is heavy on both sides. The number is not yet known.

Lieutenant-Colonel Topping and Major Kunkle, of the Seventy-first Indiana, were killed. General Wright left this morning to take the field. General Wallace leaves to-night to join him. A large number of regiments are *en route* to Lexington.

A battle took place on Saturday near Richmond, Kentucky, lasting from morning till four in the afternoon, resulting in our troops being driven back with serious loss. No particulars are received.

General Nelson, wounded, arrived here to-night.

Lexington has been evacuated, and the State archives removed to Louisville. The entire male population of Kentucky has been called to arms.

ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

Fort Donelson has been attacked by the rebels, who were defeated. They numbered 450 infantry, 335 cavalry, and two field-pieces, and were commanded by Colonel Woodward. The fort was gallantly defended by Major Hart, with four companies of the Seventy-first Ohio Regiment.

THE COMMAND IN VIRGINIA.

The question of the command of the armies operating in Virginia is definitely settled by an official bulletin. General Burnside commands his own corps, except those which have been temporarily detached and assigned to General Pope. General M'Clellan commands that portion of the Army of the Potomac which has not been sent forward to General Pope's command. General Pope commands the Army of Virginia, and all the forces temporarily attached to it, and General Halleck commands the whole.

REBEL PRISONERS ARRIVING.

About a thousand rebel prisoners reached Washington on 31st from the great battle-field, representing, the correspondents say, nearly all the rebel States.

A REBEL STEAMER SEIZED.

Commander Davis telegraphs to the Secretary of the Navy, from Helena, Arkansas, that a naval and military expedition down the river succeeded in capturing a rebel steamer, loaded with Enfield rifles and ammunition; burned a railroad dépôt and telegraph station, thus cutting off all communication between Vicksburg and Little Rock; and then, entering the Yazoo River, destroyed a rebel battery and broke up several camps of the enemy.

REBEL FURY.

A special order from the rebel War Department declares Generals Hunter and Phelps outlaws, who, if captured, will meet the death of felons.

EVACUATION OF BATON ROUGE.

Our forces are preparing to evacuate Baton Rouge, and to establish the State Government at New Orleans, under Governor Shepley. Enthusiastic Union meetings have taken place in the latter city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH SPITE.

EARL RUSSELL TO THE HON. WILLIAM STUART.

FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON, *July* 28, 1862.

SIR,—I have left hitherto unanswered and unnoticed the dispatch of Mr. Seward, which Mr. Adams delivered more than a month ago. I have done so partly because the military events referred to in it were, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, far from being decisive, and partly because there was no proposal in it upon which her Majesty's Government were called upon to come to any conclusion.

Events subsequent to the date of Mr. Seward's letter have shown that her Majesty's Government, in their opinion upon the first of these points, were not mistaken.

Victories have been gained and reverses have followed; positions have been reached in the near neighborhood of the capital of the Confederates, and these positions have been again abandoned.

These events have been accompanied by great loss of life in battle and in the hospital, while such measures as the Confiscation bill have passed through both Houses of Congress, and, with the proclamation of General Butler at New Orleans, bear evidence of the increasing bitterness of the strife.

The approach of a servile war, so much insisted upon by Mr. Seward in his dispatch, only forewarns us that another element of destruction may be added to the loss of property and waste of industry which already afflict a country so lately prosperous and tranquil.

Nor, on the other point I have adverted to, have I any thing new to say. From the moment that intelligence first reached this country that nine States and several millions of inhabitants of the great American Union had seceded, and had made war on the Government of President Lincoln, down to the present time, her Majesty's Government have pursued a friendly, open, and consistent course. They have been neutral between the two parties to a civil war.

Neither the loss of raw material of manufacture, so necessary to a great portion of our people, nor insults constantly heaped upon the British name in speeches and newspapers; nor a rigor, beyond the usual practice of nations, with which the Queen's subjects, attempting to break loose from the blockade of the Southern ports, have been treated, have induced her Majesty's Government to swerve an inch from an impartial neutrality.

At this moment they have nothing more at heart than to see that consummation which the President speaks of in his answer to the Governors of eighteen States—namely, "the bringing of this unnecessary and injurious civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion."

As to the course of opinion in this country, the President is aware that perfect freedom to comment upon all public events is, in this country, the invariable practice, sanctioned by law and approved by the universal sense of the nation. I am, etc.,

RUSSELL.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI AT WORK.

At latest dates Garibaldi was still moving in the path of revolution. He had made a descent on Catania, in Sicily, in opposition to the wishes of the Italian Government. The subject having been brought up in the Senate, the Prime Minister of Italy said they considered Garibaldi "in rebellion," and that his operations would be checked by the King's troops and navy. Napoleon had expressed his disapproval of the acts of the "liberator," but hinted that Victor Emanuel encourages him.

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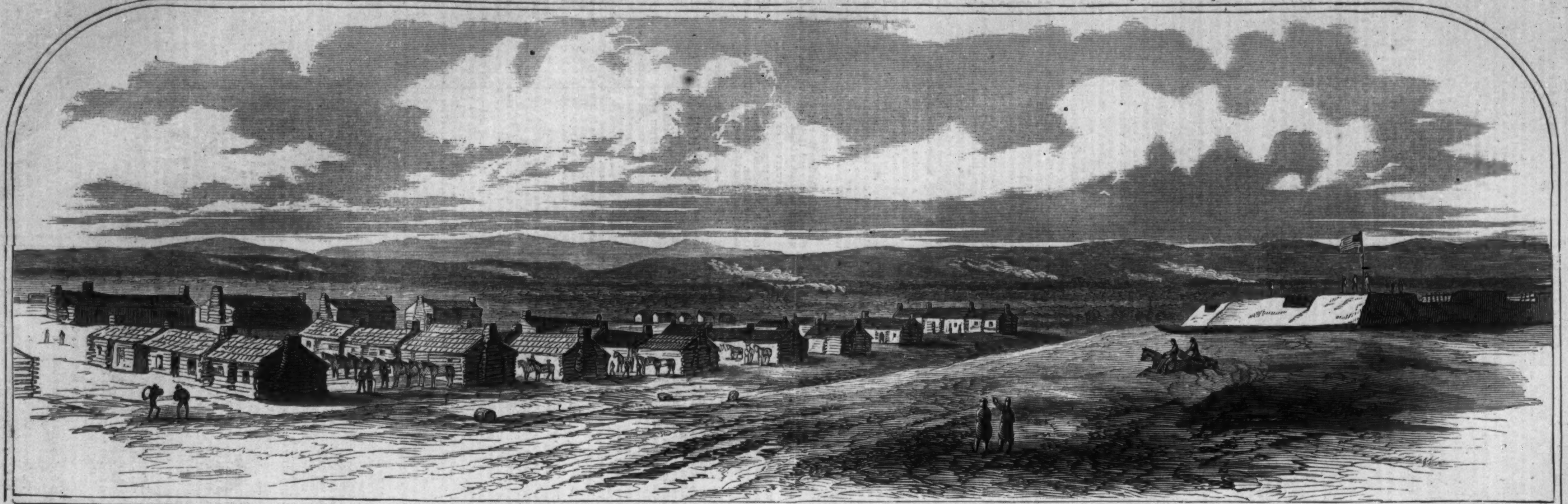
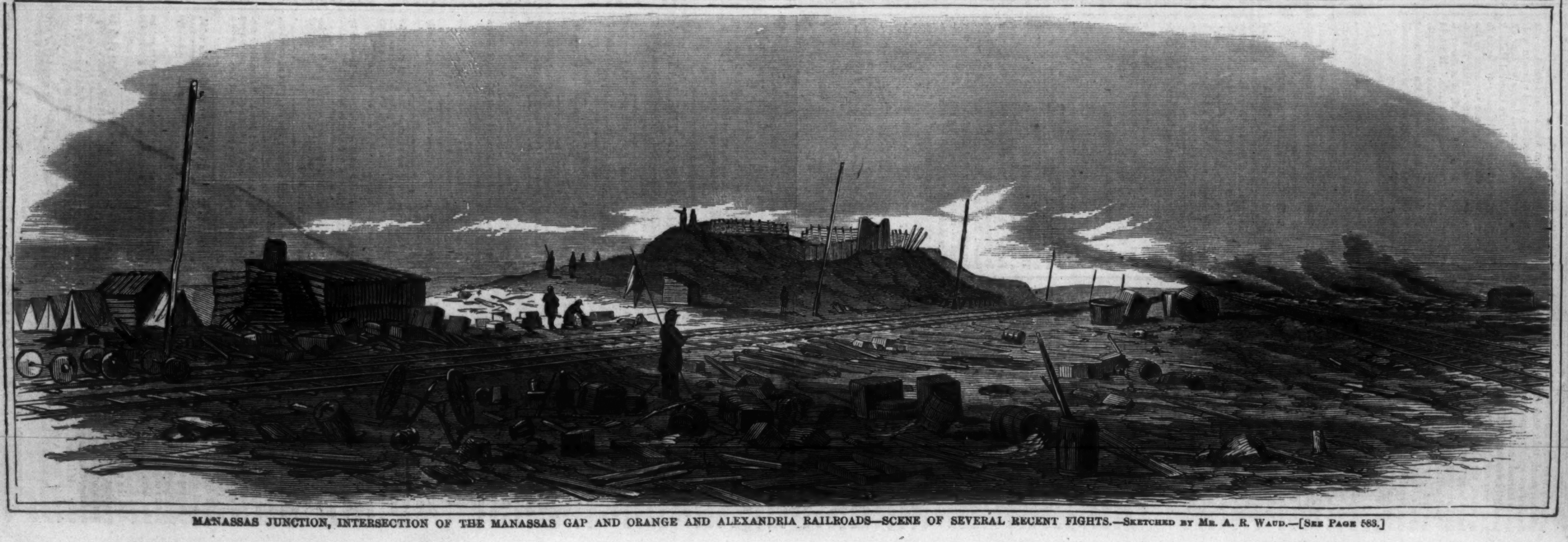
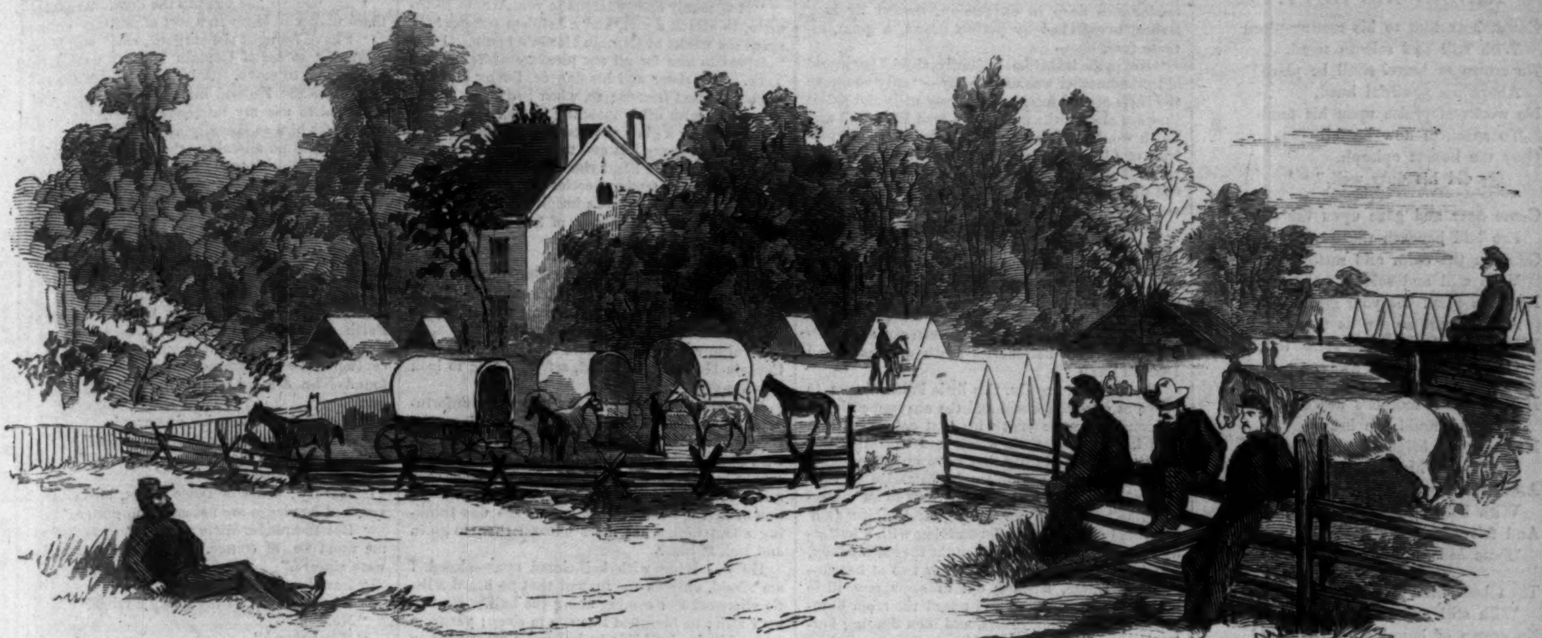
CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA, TO WHICH GENERAL POPE WITHDREW HIS ARMY ON AUGUST 30.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 583.]



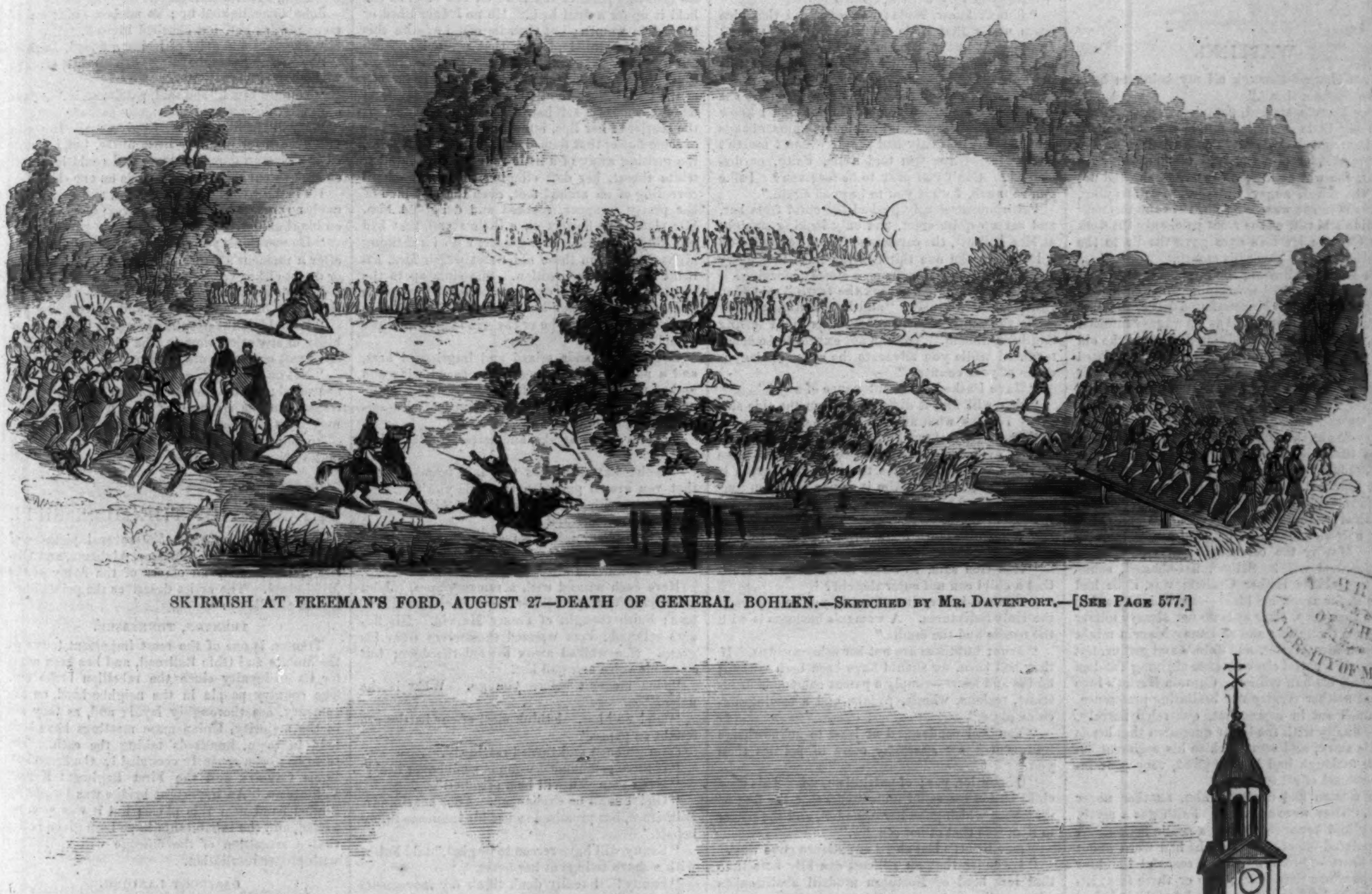


MANASSAS JUNCTION, INTERSECTION OF THE MANASSAS GAP AND ORANGE AND ALEXANDRIA RAILROADS—SCENE OF SEVERAL RECENT FIGHTS.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 583.]



GENERAL POPE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT RAPPAHANNOCK STATION—GENERAL SIGEL ON THE ROOF WATCHING THE ENEMY.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.

[SEE PAGE 577.]



SKIRMISH AT FREEMAN'S FORD, AUGUST 27—DEATH OF GENERAL BOHLEN.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 577.]

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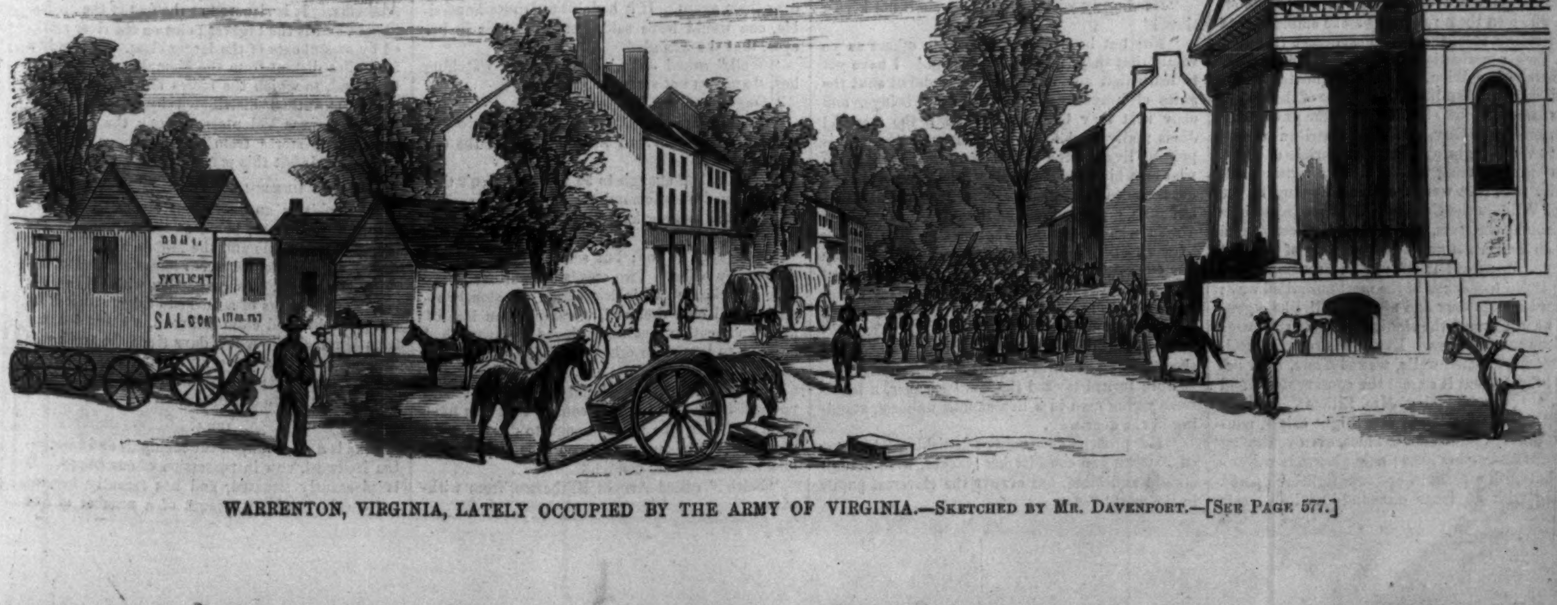


WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, LATELY OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. DAVENPORT.—[SEE PAGE 577.]

HE DID HIS DUTY.

COME, bear him to his resting-place
With still and solemn tread.
No crown of laurel shall be placed
Above his youthful head,
No words of praise upon his tomb
To speak of how he fell—
Only the honest epitaph,
"He did his duty well."

Come near and gaze upon the dead
Ere laid beneath the dust;
Gaze on the calm and settled face
With still and solemn trust.
Look on him! let your grief be still,
And do not mourn as they
Who mourn a youthful spirit lost,
Or birth-right cast away.

How might a mother's heart rejoice
To know amid the brave
Her son, the brightest and the best,
Had found his early grave;
Amid the foremost ranks had fought,
With bold and fearless eye,
And felt within his noble heart
'Twas *honor thus* to die.

Then bear him to his resting-place
With still and solemn tread.
No crown of laurel shall be placed
Upon his youthful head,
No words of praise upon his tomb
To speak of how he fell—
Only the honest epitaph,
"*He did his duty well.*"

WAITING.

"I AM shamed through all my being to have loved so slight a thing."

Fanny Marvin started, shrank away, and from behind her little spangled fan looked nervously about her; but Mrs. Grundy was flirting, or she was sneering, or else she was manœuvring, or, perhaps, she was eating; at any rate, she had not heard the fierce, angry whisper. The swaying, voluptuous music was going on, the camelias near them didn't blush, or the roses pale, only the dark fire in Captain Heriot's eyes gave the lie to the conventional smile about his mouth.

John Heriot, following the impulse of the natural heart, had been idol-worshiping; had enshrined and burned incense to his new-found deity; and, like the Israelites of old, received as his wages confusion of face. It was only an additional phase of the old experience, going on ever since the unsophisticated days when altars smoked to dead, cold, and still marble: and because we make temples of heart and brain, and worship principles and passions instead, we can't afford to smile back through the misty cycles at the Olympiad; for a righteous law ordains that all worship addressed to any other than God must be given to unworthiness. So John Heriot found it. Any one could have told him that Fanny Marvin was not purity, tenderness, womanliness—in a word, only soft eyes and voice, lovely hair and shifting color, and a rare taste in dress. Hardly the component parts of Captain Heriot's ideal wife! Sallow, flat-chested, somewhat ungracious Esther Graham was, if he had known it, far nearer his ideal—only it is so hard to believe that deep, clear eyes do not always mirror deep, pure thoughts; and so Fanny Marvin might have been Mrs. Heriot, and John's evil genius, but for the providential circumstance of young Tandem Dashe and his half million. Captain Heriot's love endured neither rivalry nor hesitating preference. He flamed out in reproaches, quarreled fiercely, left her finally with the bitter quotation that heads this idle story, and went back to his regiment before his furlough had half expired, very poor indeed—robbed of all trust.

One woman had deceived him, another never should. They were all alike. Faith was a myth. Loyalty and honor (feminine) a poetic fiction. A little painted bit of ivory that he had worn about on his heart he broke up with a scornful laughter that was worse than tears; two or three faint little notes he held to the flame and watched shrivel into dust with grim satisfaction. His diamond had proved a pebble, therefore there were no diamonds.

Houses, on the average, are the exponents of those who own them; so many stone embodiments of the ruling idea, the pet idiosyncrasy (those in New York conscientiously excepted, tents being, in the writer's opinion, the only legitimate expression of metropolitan life). The house of the widow Ellicott was very like herself. It spoke principally of the times when Guy, first of the American branch, came to Virginia, bringing the very bricks of which it was built, a young wife, a slender fortune, and a family tree, that was of course a sapling in the time of William the Conqueror. It settled solidly down among the trees, like a house that considered itself an institution and knew nothing of the first of May. It spread itself out in brooding, cozy style; it ran to piazzas in the most unlimited way; it opened a huge door and a broad hall, like a generous heart; it had the traditional wide staircases and deep-set windows. Every where were cool, dark woods, paneled walls, waxed floors, with nothing bright about it except the conservatory, and Faith, only grandchild of Mrs. Ellicott. A lithe little maiden delighting in soft bright colors, pansy-leaf purples, mid-summer blues, even venturing on scarlet and amber hues; pale almost to sallowness, but with a perilous power of lighting up and glowing with an inner diamond-like light, soft abundant hair, and one real beauty, brown eyes, tender and deep in expression, shaded by long lashes, overarched by perfect brows, a quiet, intense face, but—

"Not in the least like the family, child," her proud old grandmother was used to say—"only you have the little arched foot, and the rosy nails and palms that are always the marks of a true Ellicott;" and Faith would look up at the hundred-year-old portrait of a blue-eyed, fair-haired Faith on the library wall with a curious smile, not at all as if she felt dimmed by the more patent beauty of her ancestress.

There was another characteristic of the Ellicotts. An intensity of will and tenacity of opinion, which Faith shared in common with such matters as the arched foot and rosy palms, though as yet developed only in visiting people whom Mrs. Grundy didn't delight to honor—an unwavering adherence to the Stars and Stripes, and the utterance of much treason. (See dictionaries south of Mason and Dixon's line.)

She was quite ready, this little Faith of ours, to brave at once the world and the above-mentioned fashionable female—not with that calm contempt that knows both their worth and worthlessness, but the ignorant daring that knows neither.

Society, which couldn't quite ostracize an Ellicott, advised Mrs. Ellicott "to come to an understanding" with her refractory grandchild, "as if one could come to an understanding with a butterfly! or a humming-bird" thought the stately lady, watching Faith taking a stitch or two at her embroidery frame, flashing out in some gay little ballad, whirling round and round the room humming a wild waltz measure, and then flinging herself down amidst the cushions to tease and kiss Nada Blithersoe, her little golden-haired cousin.

"Come and I will tell you about the little hare," said gleeful Faith. But the little one, putting out a dimpled hand as if to keep her off, lisped solemnly,

"Are you very wicked, Cousin Faith?"

"I don't know, Nada; how ever did that idea creep under that little golden thatch of yours? Did you get lost in some of those big books of sermons, when nurse Bella couldn't find you this morning?"

"Mamma told grandma this morning that she couldn't come and see you any more; and I know you must be very naughty, for mamma always tells me that it is only bad people whom I mustn't go to see. Have you told a lie, Faith, or disobeyed? Can't you pray to be forgiven? I like you so much, I want you to be good again."

Faith unconsciously pushed the child from her, and sat up quite erect, and only looking straight at Mrs. Ellicott, the careless smile quite gone, and a look to make one think of the flush in the sky and the light on the wave on a stormy morning.

"Children and fools speak the truth," said Mrs. Ellicott, sententiously; "and Mrs. Blithersoe only spoke the sentiments of every other right feeling Southern woman. You can not expect to be countenanced while you advocate the cause of the enemies of your country."

"Have I asked the countenance of any?"

"You will find it difficult to stem the tide singly. Besides, what affair is it of yours?"

"There are just two kingdoms—that of good and that of evil: there are only two standards—those of right and wrong. He that is not for truth is against her; and, disclaim it as you will, you conservatives and neutrals are fighting vigorously on the other side."

"What arrogance for a child like you to pronounce on right and wrong!"

"Has God said, so strait is the way of truth that a child can not enter therein?"

"Faith, it is very irreverent in you so to parody the Holy Scriptures. A woman's business is with the needle and the cradle."

"True; but these are not her sole concerns. If they had been, we should have been born without brains and heart—simply a patent compound of instinct, rockers, wheels, pedals, and a sewing-machine plate."

"You vill condescend at least to acknowledge that men know *something* more of politics than you."

"Of politics, yes; of patriotism, no. This very child beside me could understand that the flag of the *Union* which gave her *State* life, and the power to live, was that of her *country*."

Mrs. Ellicott's last shred of patience gave way.

"I wonder that an Ellicott can ally herself to that low herd of Northern mudsill abolitionists who are the whole cause of the war. Do you know that if your friends prosper the next step will be to free your slaves and make you a beggar?"

"Better that than living in open defiance of God."

"Has he any where said, Thou shalt not keep a slave?"

"No; but he has said, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' I have yet to learn that any among us have dared shut the gates of heaven against these poor beings, and deny that they have souls; and if the merciful Jesus really died for them, and according to his promise lives in the hearts of those among them who love him, are they not "others?" Are they not included in the commandment? Admit that, and then, my dear grandmother, if you can find me a man who dares assert that he would be willing to work all his days for another, be shut out by law from education and further development, and hold his heart's best affections at the mercy of another human being, I will go as a vivandière with our army to-morrow."

"Oh, Faith has grown quite unanswerable since she has acted as nurse to the Yankee Captain!"

Both turned toward the third speaker, a handsome young man in a lieutenant's uniform, standing in the door-way.

"Her proficiency is not so astonishing," he went on, "when you consider her teacher, who, though a child and blind, has always the cleverest pupils in the world."

A deep glow flamed up in Faith's cheeks.

"It is manly and generous in you, Arnold Blithersoe, to attack a girl, and a helpless sufferer! I spent six weeks at Captain Heriot's house. I was indebted to him for all my pleasure while in New York. His sister and his fiancée, Fanny Marvin, are my dearest friends; so, when I saw him tossed into a cart with other moaning wretches, stopping at our door for a glass of water, and heard from the surgeon that every jolt and turn of the wheel lessened his chance for life, I should have allowed him to pass on to the tender mercies of a crowded shed, brevetted by necessity as a hospital. That would have been noble and worthy of Southern honor, I suppose!"

"Mrs. Ellicott, I appeal to—"

But that lady had prudently disappeared. The young man flashed a quick glance around. Nada was busy with the spaniel, the coast was clear; he came and sat beside her on the cushions.

"Faith, are you quite sure that you don't love Captain Heriot?" he asked, softly, trying to look into her eyes.

No question could well have been more unfortunate. Love a man who cared nothing for her, who was betrothed! She would listen to no explanation, no apologies; but flinging aside the hand that sought hers, went up stairs, face burning, and eyes moist with indignation of course, at the mere mention of loving John Heriot, and as she was thinking about him, what more natural than to go in and look at him?

He was lying with half-closed eyes—closed, I am afraid, only on the instant that he heard a little slippered foot coming along the hall. He was very still; he breathed like one in sleep; yet from under his deceitful lids he lost not a movement as she went about the breezy, pleasant room, looping back a curtain, removing vials, and disappearing for an instant to come back with her hands full of gay flowers, and sit down on the floor like a child to arrange them. He saw it all, down to the little bird-like poise of the head on one side, as she held it up for a final look. He no longer liked or trusted in women; but then he could admire this little, bright-tinted picture, that wanted nothing but a frame. She was not pretty, but she pleased him. The perfect arch of eyebrow and the sweep of the long lashes, the little ear just showing from under the mass of soft hair brushed smoothly away, the scarlet of her lips, intense in tone as the heart of some flower that flamed out under tropical skies, the melting away of a little rounded chin into her white throat, her deft clinging fingers, the half-revealing of an arched foot, even the soft blue of her pretty wrapper, soothed and delighted him. She placed the flowers on a little stand, that had probably borne the silver goblet, with its foaming night draught, in those old times which Mrs. Ellicott delighted to mention. She stole up to the bedside in the most exaggerated cat-after-mouse fashion, a little cool hand rested lightly on his forehead, and either she or the wind sighed, "Poor John!"

One of his hands seized and imprisoned hers, and a pair of mischievous eyes opened wide and looked up in her startled face. Faith's first movement was to try ineffectually for freedom; her second to despise herself, and say, coolly,

"Oh! you are awake, and better, Captain Heriot?"

"Both; but what has this last moment done that you are so partial to it, while you freeze up all the rest with your 'Captain Heriot?'"

"I don't understand you."

"It was 'Poor John!' a moment ago."

"You were dreaming."

"Let me dream always, then."

Here each winced with a remembrance. John recollected that he neither liked nor trusted women; Faith thought of Fanny Marvin. His fingers relaxed; hers wrested themselves from his grasp. She walked away toward the door; but there his voice arrested her.

"One moment before you go. What is the news?"

"Oh! nothing. I think most of our battles are fought on paper."

John groaned and turned restlessly.

"If these confounded wounds would ever heal!"

"Even then you will be a prisoner."

"Oh! I shall be exchanged. Your cousin, Mr. Blithersoe, has promised to use his influence in my behalf."

"Fanny will have reason to be glad," said Faith, with a sharp twinge at her heart.

"Fanny! I really don't think my movements will affect her materially; but I forget, you don't know—our engagement is broken off."

"Broken!"

Faith walked quickly back to the flowers, looked up as if to speak, checked herself, and bent low over them again. If it hadn't been quite impossible, one would have said, from the light in her eyes, that she was glad.

"Well," asked John, who had been watching her, "are you not sorry for me?"

"Ought I to be?"

"Ought you not?"

"How can I tell? I know nothing of the circumstances."

"Isn't it bad enough to be jilted? Don't that call for the deepest commiseration?"

Faith was looking half displeased.

"How you speak! I thought you loved her!"

"I thought so too; but something of late has shaken my belief. Two creeds are pulling at my poor affections on their death-bed: one stoutly asserts that I only dreamed, worshiping an idol of my own creation, not really loved, because I had nothing to love; the other, that there is no love, only a brief delirium."

"Believe it not!" exclaimed Faith. "Abase yourself in dust and ashes; confess that you have erred; but don't be weak enough to deny the existence of the moon because you once made a mistake about a Roman candle."

"Faith!" called Arnold Blithersoe, from without.

"Come back," said John, under his breath.

Faith nodded and went to the door. Arnold was there with a stranger in a sort of military undress.

"I have brought the surgeon, coz," was his salutation, "to see if Captain Heriot's wounds will permit him to move. A lot of prisoners are to be sent on to the Federal lines this afternoon, and I promised to use my influence in effecting an exchange for him as speedily as possible."

There was no mistaking the triumph of his look, the meaning of his tone; but again Faith's indomitable pride came to the rescue.

"I think he is well enough, and he will be very glad," she said, shortly. "He was wishing for it a little while ago."

Then she fled away to her own room, and kneeling down before her little white bed, was still for a while. An hour later came a message from Captain Heriot. "Could he see her for an instant." Faith got up from her knees, bathed her eyes in Cologne water and went down, calm, with the exception of a subtle tremor about her mouth. She found John dressed, and feverishly alert and eager.

"I am going," were his first words.

"So I supposed. I am glad for you."

"Be sorry for me, too. I shall not forget the weeks I have spent here."

"Hardly; a doctor twice a day, medicines, fever, and bandages are not easily forgotten."

"But the tender little nurse who watched over me must be, of course. I thought you at least were sincere."

"I am," said Faith, proudly.

"Answer then: Is my going a relief?"

"No."

"What then?"

Faith raised her eyes and tried to meet his look, failed in that, and was silent.

"What then?" he repeated.

The answer seemed to force itself from her lips against her will.

"Pain, grief, unutterable."

John's face lighted up; he made a quick movement toward her, but checked himself.

"The pain and grief of losing a friend, Faith?"

She shrank away, burning with blushes, crushed with shame.

"You are cruel," she said, passionately. "It is unmanly, dishonorable."

"My little lily, Faith, forgive me. It was a poor return for my dear little nurse, but I doubted if a woman dared be true, and could love well enough to put self-love and pride on one side."

He had drawn her close to him, and though she made no answer her head rested confidingly enough on his shoulder.

"Do you think you can be steadfast?" he asked, after a moment's pause. "You will not hesitate or doubt either yourself or me?"

For answer she gave him her hand—a steady little one, as firm as it was soft and white.

"I would doubt not the sincerity, but the capability of any other woman," he whispered; "but I shall rest on your word, assured."

"Not on my word, or that of any mortal's," she answered; "but because I have promised you; trusting in the strength of Him who is love, you may trust without fear."

So they parted. He is working, she waiting, both hoping.

THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE publish on page 589 several pictures of towns and scenes in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, drawn by an officer of the Army of the Mississippi. The artist describes the points illustrated as follows:

TRENTON, TENNESSEE.

Trenton is one of the most important towns on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and has been noted for its disloyalty since the rebellion broke out. The country people in the neighborhood, on the contrary, are thoroughly loyal; and, as they are in the majority, Union mass meetings have been held in town, hundreds taking the oath. The town has been recently occupied by the Second Illinois Cavalry and the First Regiment Kansas Volunteers. An important bridge was burned by a rebel band near this place; but it was soon repaired, and the inhabitants have been given notice that a repetition of the outrage will visit them with proper retaliation.

EASTPORT LANDING.

Eastport Landing is an important point on the Tennessee River at the present troublous time, being the place where immense quantities of Government stores are deposited for the supply of our forces in the neighboring parts of Mississippi and Alabama. It is situated at the foot of the Muscle Shoals, and is the highest point on the river reached by steamboats of the larger class. It is only a few miles distant from the Memphis and Charleston Road, to which the stores are transported by teams, and then distributed by railway. The Eighth Kansas Volunteers occupy the town and protect the stores from the numerous guerrilla bands that infest this portion of the country.

HUMBOLDT, TENNESSEE.

Humboldt is an important strategic point in Western Tennessee, being at the crossing of the Memphis and Ohio and the Mobile and Ohio railroads. It was yielded to our forces very reluctantly by the rebels. In connection with this sketch is one of the ruins of a burned bridge, situated on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad, a short distance from Humboldt. A few days since the track was torn up near this place by a band of guerrillas; but it was soon repaired, and the road is now open from Columbus to Corinth.

IUKA.

Iuka is a station upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, now in possession of our troops. It is pleasantly situated, and has recently become quite celebrated on account of a number of fine chalybeate springs which have been discovered in the vicinity, and which possess medicinal virtues. Brigadier-General R. B. Mitchell has established his head-quarters at Iuka, and the several regiments of his brigade are stationed near, either guarding the railway or protecting the town from rebel attacks.

THE SCENE OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

ON page 580 we give a picture of CENTREVILLE, Virginia, to which General Pope's army withdrew on the evening of 30th, after a severe battle with General Jackson; and on the same page, a picture of the intersection of the Orange and Alexandria Road with the Manassas Gap Railroad, which was the scene of a sharp skirmish last week. We give also, on page 583, a MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA. This map will be better understood by perusing the following topographical information from the *Tribune:*

1. *West* Virginia, lying westward and south-westward of the crests of the Alleghany mountains, which traverse the State from northeast to southwest in an unbroken chain, rising from 2000 to 4000 feet above the ocean level, and of course nowhere perpetually snow-covered or impassable, though the roads which cross them are narrow and bad, two or three great turnpikes excepted. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses them at this end of the State, and is held by the Unionists; nearly all the other railroads whereby the State is amply gridironed are (save for a few miles around Washington) in the hands of the traitors. West Virginia is almost unanimously free-labor and loyal, and is held by the Unionists. Little fighting has been done there for months, and it is presumed nearly bare of troops. The rebels predominate in the extreme southwest of it.

2. The *Valley* of Virginia, so called, is deep, very fertile, and from 40 to 80 miles wide, lying between the crests of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, which runs parallel to them on the southeast. This valley is traversed by the Shenandoah River, which rises south and west of the centre of the State, and pursues a generally northeast course to its junction with the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, forty miles northwest of Washington City. Winchester, Strasburg, Woodstock, Harrisonburg, and Staunton are the principal places in the Valley. The Blue Ridge is lower and smaller than the Alleghanies (holding much the same relation to them as the Jura to the Alps), and is broken by repeated "Gaps," through one of which the Manassas Gap Railroad makes its way into the Valley (which it connects with Alexandria) at Front Royal, which is near the junction of the two principal branches of the Shenandoah, some twenty-five miles above Winchester and fifty from Harper's Ferry. The white inhabitants of the Valley are mainly secessionists, and the Valley above Front Royal was mostly in their possession prior to the events of last week. We presume that they now hold every thing south of Winchester, and may have that city.

3. *Eastern* Virginia consists of the residue of the State (all southeast of the Blue Ridge), being about half the area, and probably containing a little more than half the entire population. Its railroads mainly centre upon Richmond (the rebel capital), though one from Leesburg (a few miles north of Washington) and another from the southwest reach the Potomac at Alexandria. The "Manassas Gap Railroad" diverges from the latter at Manassas Junction (thirty miles south of west of Washington City), runs westwardly through the Gap into the Valley, and so to Strasburg, whence it follows up the north fork of the Shenandoah, and comes to a stand at Mount Jackson, halfway between Woodstock and Harrisonburg, which are the capitals respectively of the Counties of Shenandoah and Rockingham, mainly settled by Germans of a very old emigration, and famous for always voting solid for whatever is called the Democratic ticket.

4. The Rappahannock River rises in the Blue Ridge but a few miles from the south fork of the Shenandoah, and pursues an easterly course to Fredericksburg, some sixty miles south-southwest of Washington City, where it is within ten miles of the Potomac. It has here become a broad, navigable stream, though its extreme sources are hardly eighty miles distant. From Fredericksburg it has a general southeast course till it is lost in Chesapeake Bay, some twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Potomac. For the present, its course below Fredericksburg is commanded by the Union gun-boats, but above that city it becomes disputable, and has for months in good part divided the Union from the rebel forces. It naturally forks toward its source into innumerable streams and rivulets, but at first, some ten miles above Fredericksburg, into two main branches, whereof that coming from the northwest retains the name of Rappahannock, while that from the southwest is known as the Rapidan.

NO NAMES.

GREAT Battle! Great Battle! the urchins cry
Along our marts and the crowded street;
And I mark how the words electrify,
And hasten the steps of loitering feet.

One old man with an eager face
Arrests the courier vending his wares,
And looks about for a quiet place,
Longing to know how the Union fares.

For scarcely a year ago had gone,
Out from the quiet circle at home,
The stay of his years—his only son—
To rally around the Capitol's dome.

"Yes! here is his brigade, thick in the fray—
The dead and the wounded too are here;
Thank God! our forces have gained the day!
What's this? The Twenty-third's loss is severe?

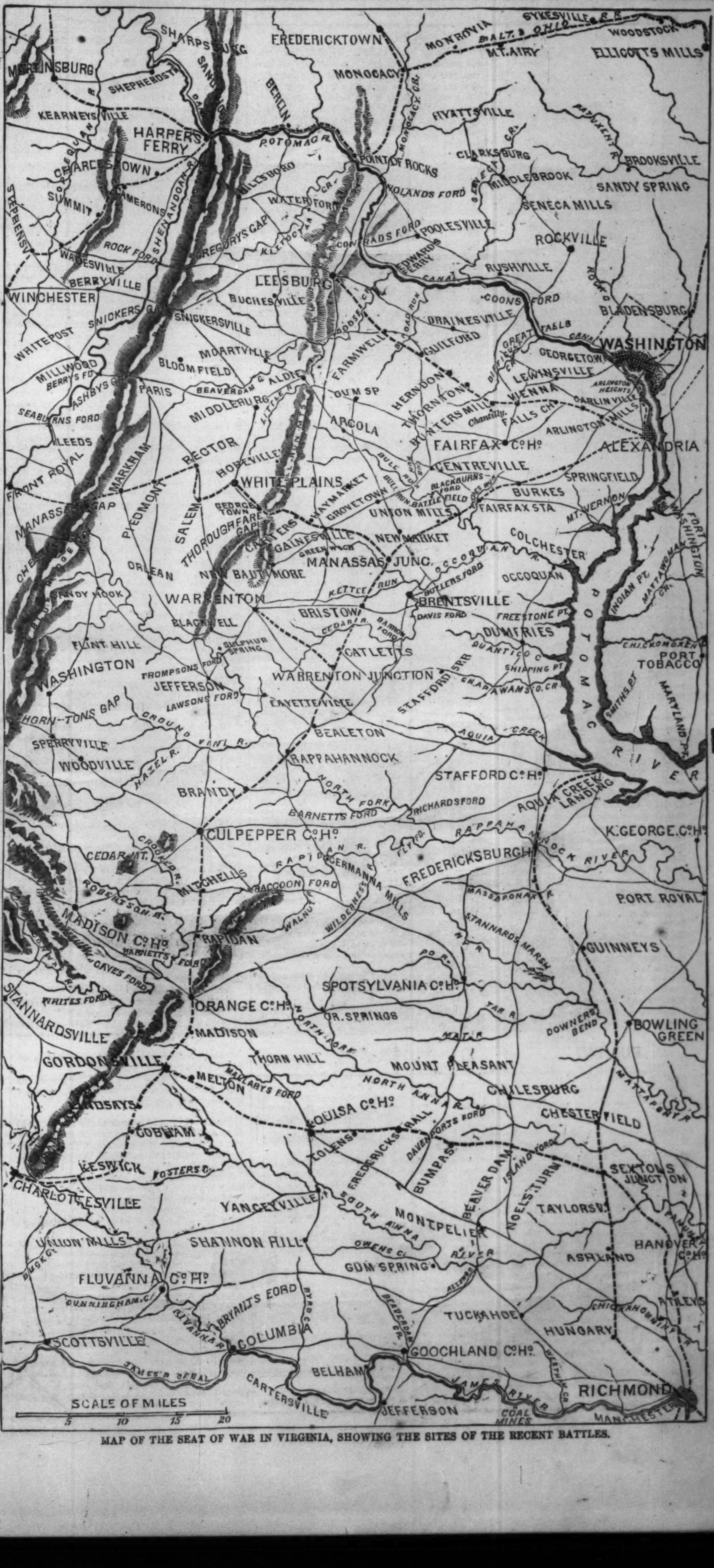
Down the red record of glory and fame—
Red with the blood of heroes outpoured—
The old man seeks for one dear name,
Written on Time with the steel of the sword.

Faint, in one corner, this he sees—
Close beside other names plain to view—
"The dead and the wounded in Company B
Amount, with the missing, to eighty-two."

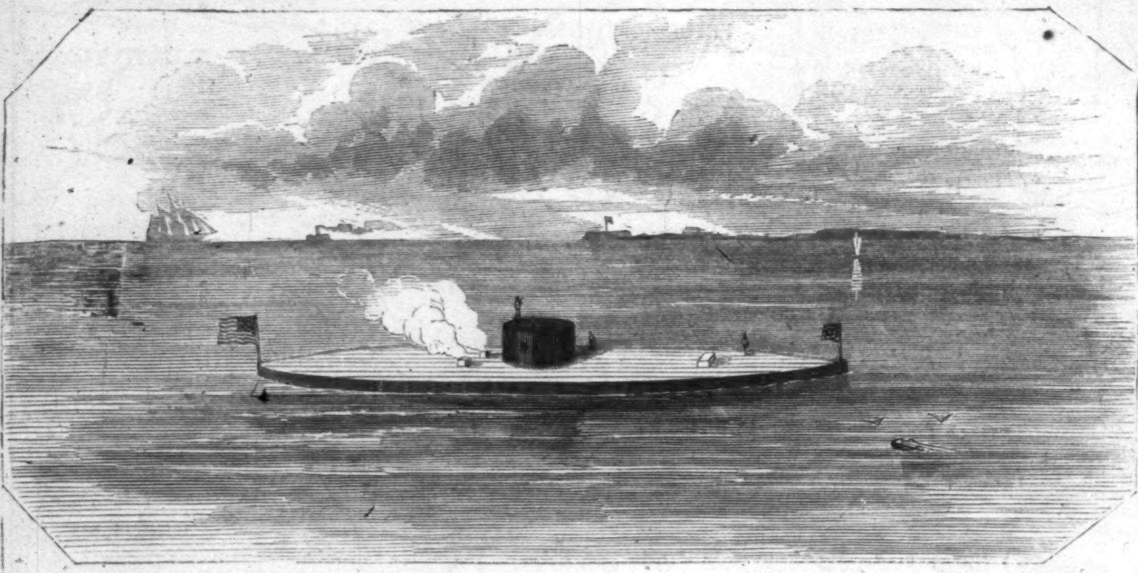
"But who are the wounded, and who the dead?"
The old man asks, and asks in vain;
And says, as he wearily shakes his head,
"How can I tell the saved from the slain?"

Oh brothers! dear brothers! who reckon our loss—
Dead to our hearts, but to glory our gain—
Bethink ye how much your omissions cost
In anxious days and nights of pain!

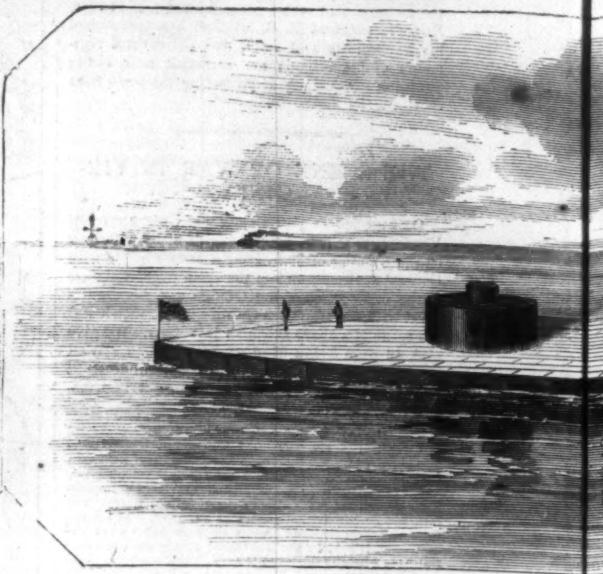
NEW YORK, *Aug.* 30, 1862.


MARTINSBURG
SHARPSBURG
SHEPHERDSTN
FREDERICKTOWN
MONOCACY
MONROVIA
SYKESVILLE
BALT. & OHIO R.R.
MT. AIRY
WOODSTOCK
ELLICOTTS MILLS
KEARNEYSVILLE
HARPERS FERRY
BERLIN
POTOMAC R.
POINT OF ROCKS
HYATTSVILLE
CLARKSBURG
MIDDLEBROOK
BROOKSVILLE
SANDY SPRING
CHARLESTOWN
SUMMIT
CAMERONS
HILLSBORO
WATERFORD
NOLANDS FORD
SENECA MILLS
ROCKVILLE
WADESVILLE
ROCK FORD
GREGORYS GAP
CONRADS FORD
POOLESVILLE
EDWARDS FERRY
RUSHVILLE
BERRYVILLE
WINCHESTER
LEESBURG
BUCHESVILLE
CANAL
COONS FORD
SNICKERS GAP
SNICKERSVILLE
DRAINESVILLE
BLADENSBURG
WHITEPOST
MILLWOOD
BERRYS FD
BLOOMFIELD
MOARTVILLE
FARMWELL
GUILFORD
GREAT FALLS
GEORGETOWN
WASHINGTON
ASHBYS GAP
PARIS
ALDIE
OUM SP
HERNDON
LEWINSVILLE
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS
SEABURNS FORD
MIDDLEBURG
THORNTON
HUNTERSMILL
Chantilly
VIENNA
FALLS CH.
CARLINVILLE
ARLINGTON MILLS
LEEDS
MARKHAM
RECTOR
ARCOLA
FAIRFAX C.H.
ALEXANDRIA
FRONT ROYAL
HOPEVILLE
WHITE PLAINS
CENTREVILLE
BLACKBURNS FORD
BURKES
SPRINGFIELD
MANASSAS GAP
PIEDMONT
SALEM
GEORGETOWN
HAYMARKET
GROVETOWN
UNION MILLS
FAIRFAX STA.
MT. VERNON
FORT WASHINGTON
THOROUGHFARE GAP
GAINESVILLE
NEW MARKET
COLCHESTER
MANASSAS JUNC.
OCCOQUAN R.
OCCOQUAN
ORLEAN
NEW BALTIMORE
KETTLE RUN
BRENTSVILLE
SANDY HOOK
WARRENTON
BRISTOW
BUTLERS FORD
DAVIS FORD
FREESTONE PT.
DUMFRIES
BLACKWELL
CEDAR R.
CATLETTS
QUANTICO C.
SHIPPING PT.
FLINT HILL
SULPHUR SPRING
CHICKOMOKEN
PORT TOBACCO
WASHINGTON
THOMPSONS FORD
WARRENTON JUNCTION
JEFFERSON
LAWSONS FORD
FAYETTEVILLE
STAFFORD SRR
CHAPAWAMSIC CR.
THORNTONS GAP
BEALETON
AQUIA CREEK
POTOMAC RIVER
SPERRYVILLE
HAZEL R.
RAPPAHANNOCK
WOODVILLE
NORTH FORK
STAFFORD C.H.
AQUIA CREEK LANDING
BRANDY
BARNETTS FORD
RICHARDSFORD
CULPEPPER C.H.
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER
K. GEORGE C.H.
CEDAR MT.
CROOKED R.
RAPIDAN R.
GERMANNA MILLS
FREDERICKSBURGH
MITCHELLS
RACCOON FORD
ROBERTSON R.
WILDERNESS R.
MASSAPONAX R.
PORT ROYAL
MADISON C.H.
RAPIDAN
BARNETTS FORD
STANNARDS MARSH
GUINNEYS
GAVES FORD
WHITES FORD
ORANGE C.H.
SPOTSYLVANIA C.H.
PO R.
STANNARDSVILLE
MADISON
OR. SPRINGS
TA R.
DOWNERS BEND
BOWLING GREEN
GORDONSVILLE
THORN HILL
NORTH FORK
MAT R.
MOUNT PLEASANT
MELTON
MALLARYS FORD
NORTH ANNA R.
CHILESBURG
MATTAPONI R.
LINDSAYS
LOUISA C.H.
CHESTERFIELD
COBHAM
FREDERICKS HALL
DAVENPORTS FORD
TOLENS
BUMPAS
BEAVER DAM
ISLAND FORD
NOELS TURN
KESWICK
FOSTERS C.
SEXTONS JUNCTION
CHARLOTTESVILLE
TAYLORSV.
YANCEYVILLE
SOUTH ANNA
MONTPELIER
UNION MILLS
SHANNON HILL
ASHLAND
HANOVER C.H.
OWENS C.
GUM SPRING
FLUVANNA C.H.
CUNNINGHAM C.
BRYANTS FORD
TUCKAHOE
RIVANNA R.
CHICKAHOMINY R.
HUNGARY
ATLEYS
SCOTTSVILLE
COLUMBIA
GOOCHLAND C.H.
BELHAM
JAMES R. CANAL
CARTERSVILLE
JAMES RIVER
RICHMOND
JEFFERSON
COAL MINES
MANCHESTER
SCALE OF MILES
5 10 15 20

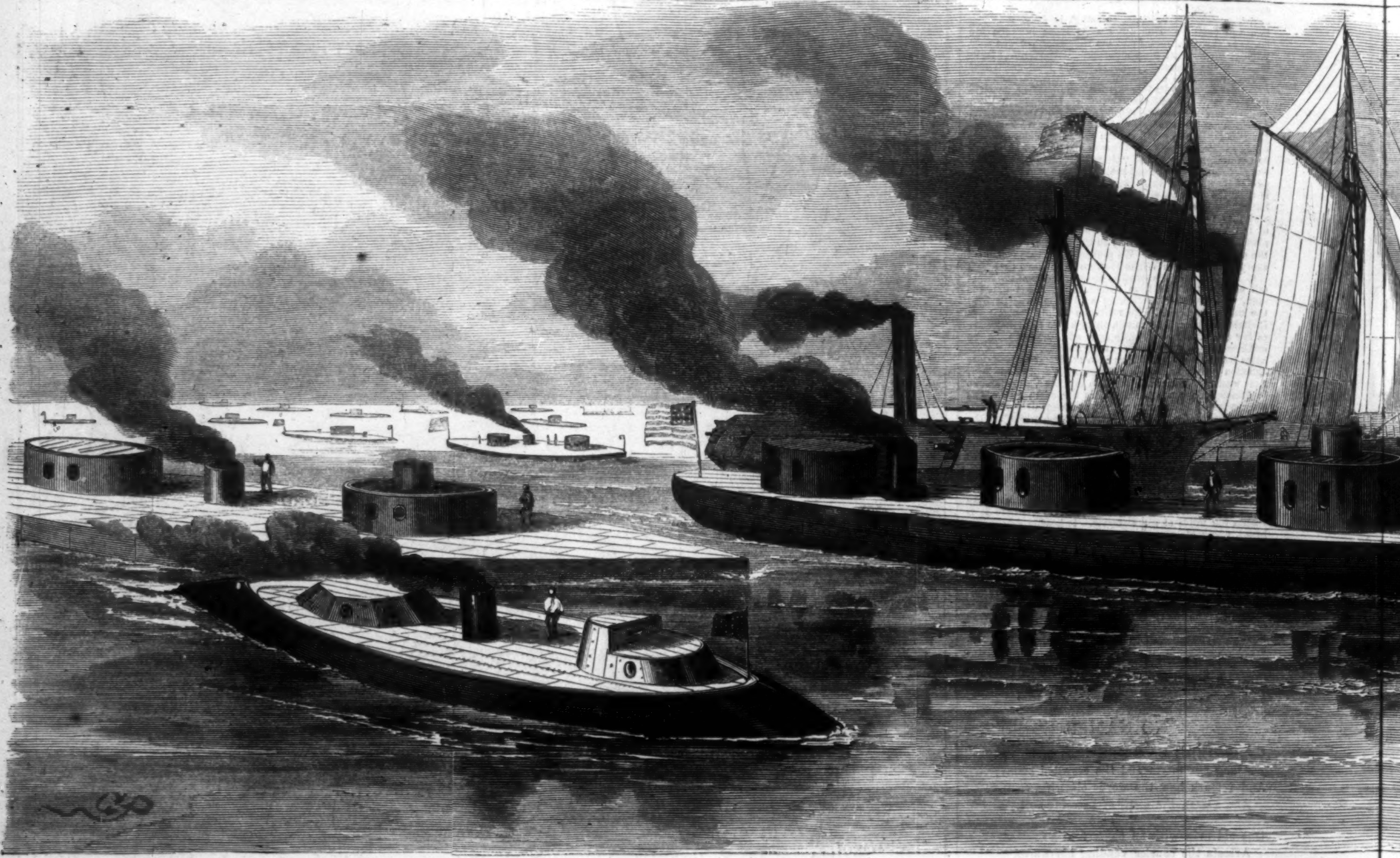
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE SITES OF THE RECENT BATTLES.

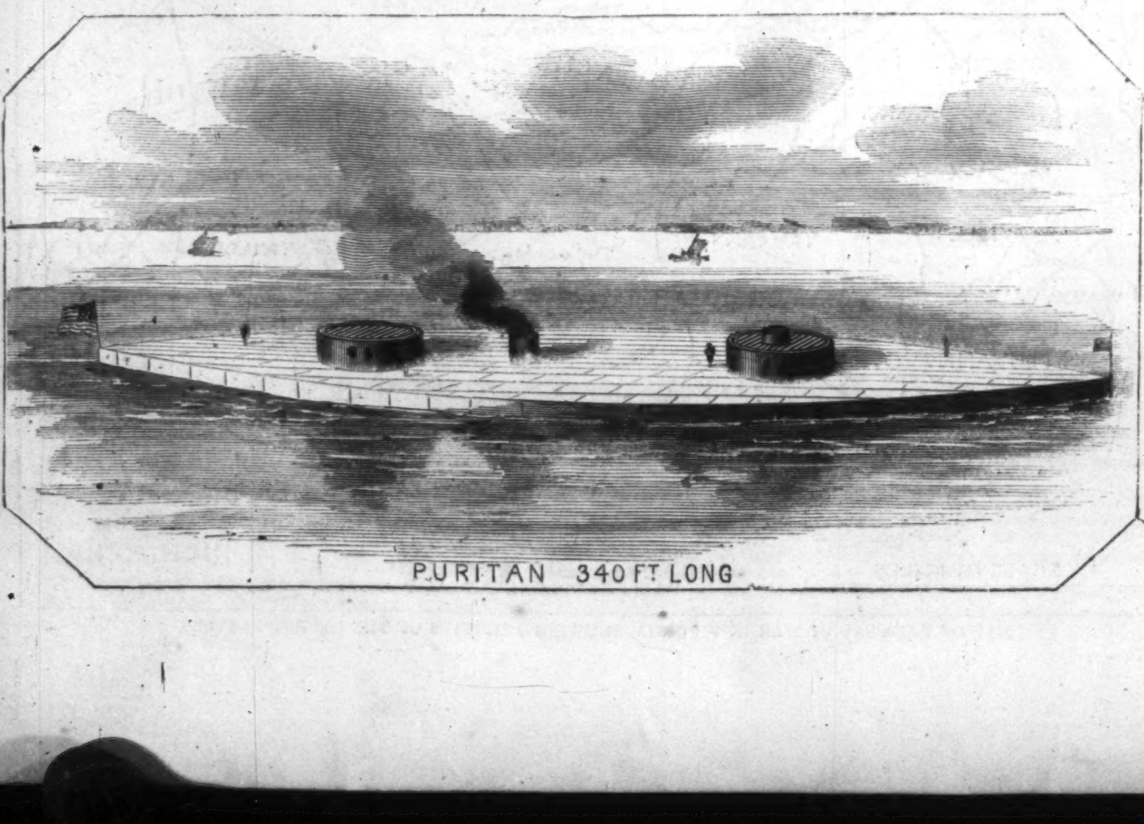


MONITOR 172 FT. LONG.

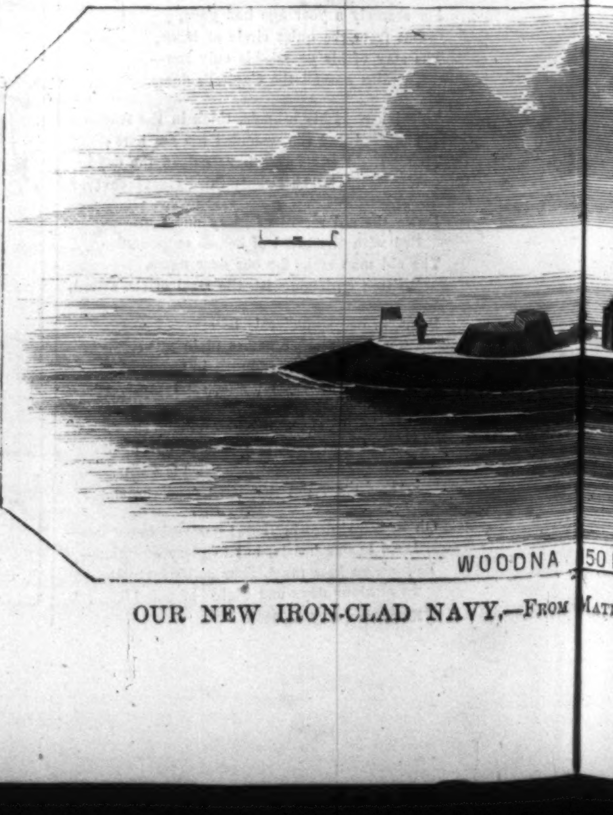


ONONDAGA 2


PURITAN.
CATSKILL.
MONTAUK.
WOODNA
PASSAIC
ROANOKE
WINONA

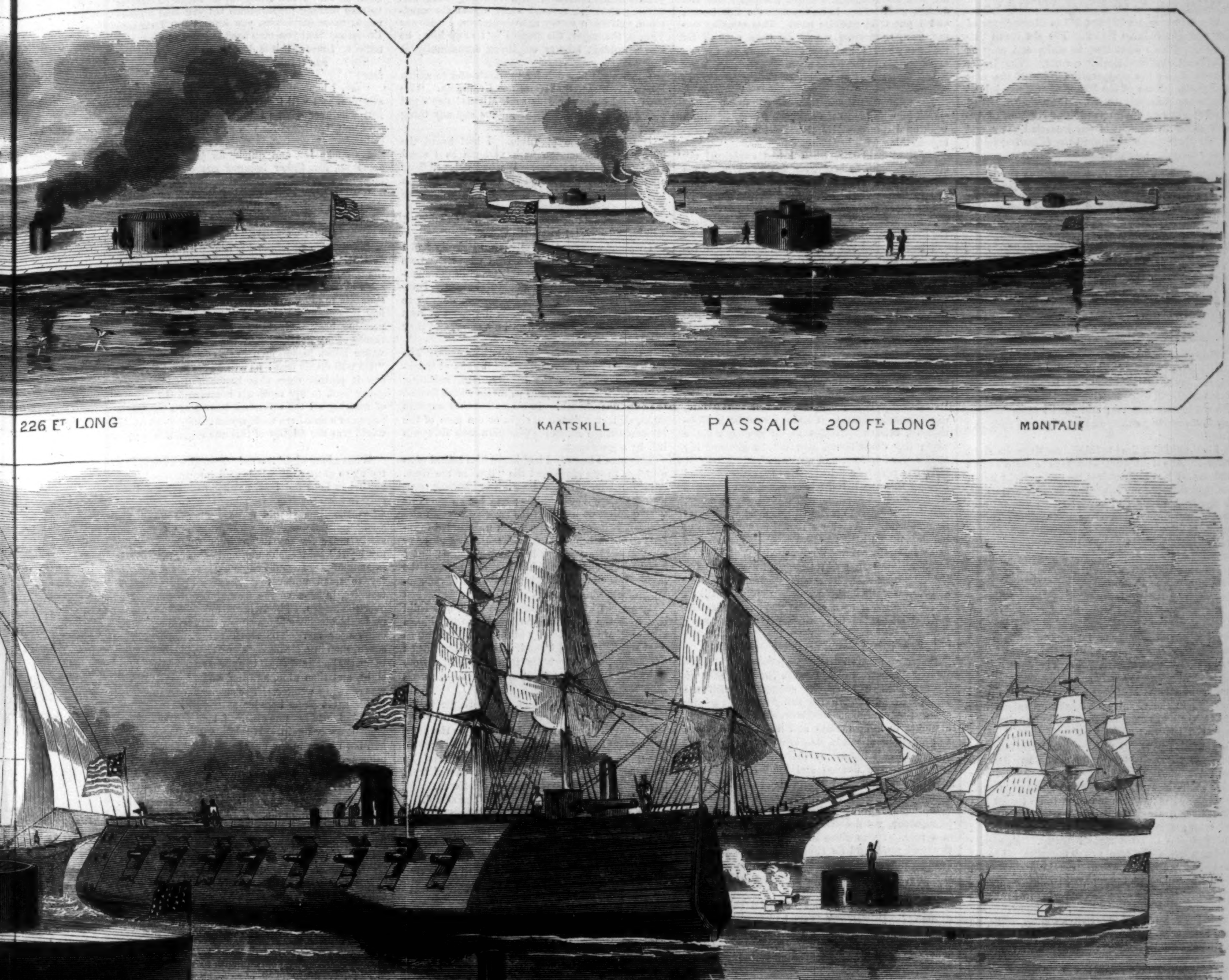


PURITAN 340 FT LONG



WOODNA 50

OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY,—From Ma


226 FT. LONG
KAATSKILL
PASSAIC 200 FT. LONG
MONTAUK
IRONSIDES
NAUGATUCK
BROOKLYN
MONITOR
50 FT. LONG
ROANOKE 270 FT LONG

Mathematical Drawings.—[See Page 586.]

OUR NEW IRON-CLAD NAVY.

We devote pages 584 and 585 to illustrations of our new Iron-Clad Navy. The six small pictures are drawn according to scale, and may be considered mathematically correct. The larger picture shows the comparative sizes of the new iron-clads. None of the iron-clads for our inland waters are included; they will form the subject of another picture. We refer to our Number of August 30 for an account of our iron-clad navy, and in this place will only append the following table:

Name of Vessel.	Length.	No of Guns.	Present Condition.
Ironsides	240 ft.	18	At sea.
Roanoke	270 ft.	6	Brooklyn Navy-yard.
Woodna	150 ft.	4	On the stocks.
Puritan[*]	340 ft.	4	Keel being laid.
Onondaga	226 ft.	4	On the stocks.
Passaic[†]	200 ft.	2	Launched.
Galena	180 ft.	18	James River.
Naugatuck	101 ft.	1	Hoboken.
Monitor	172 ft.	2	James River.

In order to enable the reader to judge of the size of these boats by comparison, we give in the same picture the *Brooklyn*, 247 feet long, and the *Seneca*, 150 feet.

THE YELLOW JASMINE.

School hours were over for the day; my little pupils were burying old Pointer in the sand at the door of one of the negro cabins; I stood at the window for a little while looking out longingly toward the sea in the distance; and then I came back to my little sewing-chair, and sat down to rock and think.

I had needed a time to think ever since the night before. About midnight—perhaps between twelve and one—I had been waked by some slight noise, and had stolen to my window to look out and listen. A monotonous level of sand, like an ancient sea-beach, surrounded Mr. Baker's dwelling; almost destitute of verdure, and so dry and soft that it looked like flour under the full moon; and over the sand, in and out of the shadows under the few evergreen oaks and yellow pines, some twelve or fifteen human figures were moving about—close-coated figures, with little shining caps and heavy beards. I knew what it meant, and was not at all alarmed. Through all the eleven months of my residence in the South, and especially during the autumn and early winter, while the shadow of the coming storm was fast closing in over the doomed land, this whole region had been nervously on its guard against the danger of servile insurrections. All the men remaining in the vicinity had been organized into active vigilance committees; and often before I had seen them at night "out patrolling," going their rounds over the different plantations to inspect the negro-quarters and overawe any dangerous movement. What I did notice as unusual now was the marked air of excitement among the men. They talked together in their low tones longer and with more gesture than usual as they met under the trees; they moved about more eagerly, and watched and listened more intently. Presently two men met at the corner near my room. I heard the word "abolitionist" uttered in a smothered hiss. They moved forward, still talking earnestly, and as they passed under my window I thought I heard one say, "being a lady, you know." My excited attention could catch no more, until, as they separated, one of them threw back to his companion the final remark, "Well, Baker's responsible, any way."

My thoughts that night were haunted by vague uneasiness. I went down early the next morning to the breakfast-room, and as I entered the hall Mrs. Baker's sharp voice reached me through the open door. "Thomas," said she, "*it is not safe.* Don't you know you are responsible for what's done here? Next thing you'll be arrested yourself if you don't have—" An audible "hush" stopped her, and looks icier than ever greeted me as I appeared at the door. The family were all huddled around her arm-chair nervous and gloomy. I learned that rumors of "another plot" had been brought down by express the night before from a town seventeen miles away in the interior, the negroes of which had lately had some communication with those of our neighborhood.

All day the loneliness and the uncertain peril of my position had haunted me, and now, at the first moment of leisure, was the time to think it all over. I was very inexperienced. It had been my first adventure, when, a year before, I had left my mother alone in the little parsonage, which was still allowed her after my father's death, to help as I might toward eking out our small income in this foreign-like region, hundreds of miles away. I had stood at my post until every other Northern resident had gone home. Then at last I had told my employer that I must go. It was some six weeks before; and that gentleman had surprised me at the time by simply replying that, as my engagement had been made for a year, I could not of course expect to receive any part of my salary until the close of that time. I had been reared among the Berkshire hills, and I astonished him in turn by answering that I would stay till then.

Now when I sat down to review that decision, I began by resolutely setting at bay the infinite longing for my home, my mother, my own dear, safe, happy New England, and resolving to consider only *what was best.* My mother was poor—I was her only helper. How could I go back to her a burden instead of a helper? But then, what if any thing should happen to her only child. What if the impending storm should burst suddenly, and my retreat be cut off, and the last of her desolated household be left imprisoned among strangers and enemies? No; I could not take the responsibility; I must go home.

Poverty—that poverty which stimulates and degrades not—teaches us very early our grand lesson; it teaches us, by the necessity of constant practice, to keep the *soul's* world fresh and blooming and sunny, let the world without lower and darken as it will. It had taught me this lesson, and I put it in practice now. This evening was my own, to-morrow would be time enough for business; and I had one thing more to do, one more picture to lay by in memory before I left the South forever. I must see the yellow jasmine in bloom.

I ran down on the instant to find some one who would go with me to the only one I knew of within walking distance. Mrs. Baker sat before her sewing-machine with her oldest daughter.

"Julia," said she, when I had explained my errand, "go up to my room, dear, and bring me another spool. I'm sorry, Miss Carr, we all happen to be engaged just now. Possibly old Sarah might serve you for a guide if you are very anxious to go." And she vanished abruptly through the hall door.

I had reached the door of old Sarah's cabin before the strangeness of this proposal had fully dawned upon me. For months I had felt that the local proprieties required me to have no intercourse with the servants whatever—never to talk with them, and never to be seen with them alone. But this one—this grim, secret, cunning, taciturn old Sarah—was the one of all most suspected and most watched. However, the proposal was hers—the straightforward course is almost always best. I hesitated only for a moment.

To my surprise Sarah was unwilling to go. "Bad road, Missus; bad, heavy road. Gitt'n' late, mos' sundown, Missus. Curus place out dah, Missus—yes, Missus. Ladies nebba goes out dat a way; dey doesn't—no, Missus." I silenced her with a word or two, and we started.

It was certainly a lonesome road; the old road leading through a light pine wood, and across a wide stretch of sand, and then on through a low, jungle-like forest to a ruined and deserted plantation beyond. When we reached the forest old Sarah led me a little distance down its borders and away from the road. We reached a spot where a black resinous sink of water crept away into the thicket under a covert of naked trees, all knotted and interwreathed with dry brown climbers, till all below was black as a cypress shade. There she stopped and stood motionless, pointing solemnly upward.

"What is it, Sarah?"

"De jasmine, Missus, 'way up dah."

There it was, indeed! A colossal wreath of flowers, with no apparent connection with the earth, with no other living thing near it, running along the enormous basket-work of vines and branches in huge masses and festoons for scores and hundreds of yards, its glossy, papery, pointed foliage, almost hidden by the tropical luxuriance of trumpet-like flowers and long conical buds, bright as gold and soft as swan's-down, and every breeze that touched it bringing down a burden of voluptuous fragrance—the fragrance of a crushed peach-stone, yet delicate and balmy as the breath of a rose. I was alone in a wilderness of forest, sky, and sand, and for once I seized the privilege of those impulsive races who live near to nature in the wild, free paradise of the tropics—I clapped my hands and shouted aloud.

But how long had that beautiful thing been growing? How many years had it climbed upward and upward, and then how many more had it been traveling from tree-top to tree-top when it could climb no higher? How long was it since the brown, rope-like stems, now drawing up moisture and sustenance from the reservoirs so far below, had been themselves beautiful with clusters of the crisp green and waxy gold? Ah! what splendid history had been growing with it, and how tragically that history was changing now. All through its lifetime North and South had been standing together against common enemies, or helping each other on in peaceful progress—their union and happiness the hope of the world. Why was it all so changed? What crime, above all other crimes, had so brought God's curse down—

My reverie was cut short by a quick pull at my dress. There stood old Sarah, pointing upward again, her gaunt, black face hideous with fear.

"Come 'way, come 'way, Missus!" she whispered; "Mos' sundown, Missus."

"Hark, Sarah, just a moment! Oh, it's the wind among the fine wiry stems. It's like an Æolian harp. Listen!"

"Oh, come 'way, come 'way, Missus; it's de dogs—it's de dogs!"

"The dogs! where?"

"Up dah, up dah. Dere's mor'n one's heerd 'em 'fore now, Missus. Dey's allus a-yowlin'—a-yowlin' jes' dat a way o' night, Missus. Come 'way, come 'way!"

"Sarah, what *do you* mean?"

"An' dah's a w'ite bone down dah 'n de watah, Missus; an' ebery night dat bone come up 'top o' de watah an' it go roun', roun', roun', roun' a-huntin' for de oder bones. Yes, Missus, ebery night ha' past one. Gittin' late, Missus, come 'way, come 'way!"

"Now, Sarah, be quiet and listen to me. You've heard some dreadful story about this place, and you've been frightened by it; tell me the story just as you've heard it, and then listen to what I say about it. Come!"

But the woman stood in dogged silence, only turning her eyeballs strangely up at me.

"Won't you tell me, Sarah?"

"Dem stories ain't for to tell, Missus."

"Why not?"

"Ugh."

"Why not, Sarah?"

"'Gin the awdahs."

"Well, Sarah, we'll go home now."

In an instant the long, lithe creature had darted out on the sand a rod or more; in another instant she had stopped. She stood for a moment facing toward the thicket, craning forward like a snake ready for a spring, one fist stretched fiercely out, the other drawn back to her shoulder—then she made her spring. There was a crash in the underbrush, then a sudden bound out of it, and a burly, yellow-faced Irishman, with bristling head and bulging eyeballs, scoured away across the sand-plain, yelling in a very agony of terror. "Howly Vargin, the nagur, the nagur!" I knew him; he was a railroad laborer employed occasionally at Mr. Baker's.

"Dey's put him dah for to watch—for to watch Missus," whispered old Sarah as I came up. "De good Lord bress yer dear soul, Missus! dey's put him dah for to watch if—if Missus say any thing 'bout—'bout dat ah."

It was only too plausible. I had heard the man's hammer on the back veranda as I stood talking with Mrs. Baker. We had delayed long enough, and our course had been circuitous enough to give him ample time to secure his ambush before we came up.

"Sarah," said I, "you may fall back now; I will walk before; I know the way."

I walked on very hurriedly; but scarcely had I reached the bend in the old road where it enters the pine woods, when from a distance in the direction of the house came a loud, brutal shout. I understood it perfectly. The Regulators were there—had probably been near when the spy was sent on his errand. They had heard his story, and they would come to meet us.

I could see very far through the woods. The trees were almost branchless, and the sunset sparkled every where on the smooth, stiff, radiating spears of the low-creeping palmetto which formed the only underbrush. In a moment they came in sight, still at a distance, eight or ten men of the lower class, led on, as the Southern mob always is led, by a gentleman.

This man I knew. I had heard him talked of as a visitor in the place, and the "lion" of the time. Almost a boy, with all the wild, headstrong recklessness of the Southern boy; and I knew that this very quality, no less than the rumor of wealth and position at home, had given him unbounded influence in the neighborhood. Mrs. Baker had never succeeded in attracting him to her house; but I had seen him once at a distance, and now, as the leader rode on considerably in advance of the rabble on foot, I knew it was Harry Kent.

There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. Near the roadside, just before the turning, a cluster of thick, tall holly bushes stood, hiding us from sight. There I waited. Harry Kent turned the corner, and the holly thicket hid him from sight too. Then I went up quickly to his horse's side, looked up into his face, and said,

"May I ask you to come back with me to the house? I am afraid to meet those rude men alone."

It must have been a full minute before the fixed amazement of his face allowed one muscle to move. Then, as another shout came up, now fearfully near, he blushed up to his cap-rim, darted from the saddle, and threw the reins to old Sarah.

"I'll do my best," said he; "don't be afraid. I—I beg your pardon! Would you let me take the ends of your sash?"

I gave him the two ends of the long blue ribbon I wore, drawing out the bows to make it longer. He took them and went forward a few steps just as the foremost of the troop came up.

A braver woman than I would have grown paler at the whoop and yell, and the hurrahs and shouts of laughter, with which they greeted Kent and his prisoner, as they rushed up crowding and jostling to get a nearer view of me. Kent held them back, and restored something like silence by a vigorous motion or two of his hand.

"All right!" he sung out, gayly, the moment he could be heard, tossing his thumb over his shoulder at me. "Hallo, Captain! what d'ye say; suppose you take the fellows all off down to Wurmer's—see 'f you can't get there 'n time to help him out with that other little job, you know. Want to come back round by Bob Sims's likely, 'n get a little somethin' for the boys—there's the tin."

There had been a grumble of disappointment at this suggestion, but it died away as the coin rattled down on the sand. The grisly-looking "Captain" gathered it up, but then stood scratching his head a little discontentedly.

"Say, Colonel," said he, "they say you Kentucky fellows allus knows wot purty faces is. Bet ye a 'lipenny now, boys."

"If you don't care to command the expedition, Captain, I will relieve you."

That settled the matter. To "command an expedition" under Harry Kent was a chance not to be lost by the parvenu Captain, who was becoming a man of weight in the absence of the better men.

"All right, all right!" he answered, and my heart began to beat again as I saw them defiling away through the woods.

"You'll let me speak abruptly, won't you?" said Harry, putting my hand in his arm, a little bashfully, and starting with me up the short road toward the house. "I want to know, you see, how I can serve you, and there's but little time now."

"Say it at once," said I; "am I arrested?"

"Well—you know people are so excited now. I don't know much about it myself, but it seems your going out to that place with a suspected servant—"

"But that was her mistress's suggestion; she sent the woman with me."

"Did she?" He stopped short. "Did any one hear her—any white person?"

"No."

"I'm afraid— Well, you know Mrs. Baker. Likes to improve her social position, you understand, by being a little extra-patriotic just now."

"Yes, I know. You will not hesitate to tell me plainly what the special danger is—what I probably have to expect."

"Well, do you think you would be unwilling, for instance, if it should be necessary, to go back to the North at once?"

"Oh no, no!"

"Or to stay—in your room, perhaps—until you you are ready to go?"

"As a prisoner? No, I can submit to that."

"Then, if my influence is worth any thing, it shall be so. I don't suppose it would be best to be seen making preparations till you hear more—might raise suspicions, you know; but I suppose I must say that you may need to leave at an hour's notice. I mean, if it is decided as we hope."

"If? You think then I have something more to fear?"

"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! The meeting is at seven, you will know then as soon as possible. But whatever course things may take, let me assure you, I will act for you as I would act for my sister."

He spoke low and quick, for just then, as we came up, Mr. Baker lounged out of the gate to meet us.

"Well, Sir," said Harry, suddenly taking up the *rôle* he had dropped, "ready to succeed me in office, eh? You won't be gone but a minute, will you? I'll just wait here."

Baker took me under his arm with a sly laugh at Harry, and led me, without speaking, through the gate, up the steps, past the group of slightly-sobered faces in the parlor door, and on up the staircase to my room. The door closed on me, the key turned, and I stood in the centre of the room pressing back with clasped hands the smothering throbs of my heart, and saying over and over, in a vague effort to summon back courage and hope, "He will do his best! he will do his best!" For I saw it plainly then, that between the chance of going back to my mother's home, and the chance of meeting all the unknown terrors of a Southern prison or a Southern mob, my only hope in the wide world was the fidelity of this one impulsive boy.

What a long night it was! Sometimes I sat still, trying to gather my whole soul into the resolution neither to hope nor fear, neither to think nor feel, only to keep my faculties steadily poised for action when the time should come. Then I would go about my room, making what preparations I could safely make for my departure. And then when my heart *would* choke me, and my eyes *would* fill in spite of me, I would come back to my chair and try to tread under foot these merely personal troubles, in awe of the fearful future impending over the nation. The twilight faded, and the moon made the shadows black under the trees. No one came near me. The clock below stairs struck seven, then in a strangely short time—for it seemed to me that an hour *ought* to appear an age—it struck eight, and then nine, and ten, and eleven. But I was growing weaker. The suspense and the utter helplessness grew heavier as the night deepened and the house became still. I took my Bible, but I put it away again. It told me too much of what had been mine in the dear North; what would be mine again if I could only be there once more. At last I came and knelt down before my chair and laid my head on my arms. I said not a word—I felt that there was no need. He knew the whole, and He could help me. And so by degrees came that other feeling, that He was near me—was my friend—would arrange every thing for me in His own way; and with that feeling came rest and patience, and finally forgetfulness.

Something startled me. It was something at the door. The whole must have flashed on me in an instant, for I was there when the door was flung open. Mr. Baker stood there with a lighted lamp in his hand.

"Pack up your traps," said he, "boat starts in half an hour. My compliments to Yankee-land!"

Did any other lady ever pack her trunks in fifteen minutes? I did that night, leaving chaos and wild misrule in the wake of the process. Just as it was finished I went out into the hall to take my hat from its nail and paused a moment—I must confess it, I suppose—at hearing Harry Kent's name spoken in Mr. Baker's tones in a side passage.

"The fellow kept us there," said he, "talking chivalry till after midnight. *Con*-founded shame! Such a case *ought* to have been dealt with some different way. That chap never would take No for an answer."

I found the "chap" at the hall door when I went down. He merely took my satchel in passing, and left me to his companion, a substantial gentleman of the place, going to Charleston on business, who politely offered to take charge of me. When I was seated in the carriage, my traveling companion choosing the outside, Harry looked in a moment to say good-by. At first he gave me his hand with all proper ceremony; then suddenly he looked up, in his quick way, and said, as if he hardly meant to say it,

"Will you think of me as a rebel, Miss Carr, or only as Harry Kent?"

"A rebel," said I, bending forward, and speaking very low. "Oh, think of it once more, Mr. Kent."

"Too late now," he answered. "I've enlisted."

And the carriage moved away.

Months afterward I was returning home late one evening, and there, talking with my mother in the lighted parlor, sat Harry Kent. He was so pale that my first astonishment changed to sudden alarm. "Was he ill?" I asked.

"No, only wounded," he replied, smiling. "A man's normal condition now, you know."

Even then I saw it, but it was not till long afterward that I realized fully how much he had changed. He had grown older, as men *do* grow older in these earnest times. The boy had passed at a step into full manhood, and the young, lavish overflow of energy had settled into enduring, effective purpose for all the future. I did not wonder when I heard his story. He had remained in the rebel service, he said, the misgivings which had entered his mind on that evening growing stronger every day. When the news came that his own State had been invaded by the Southern armies—then he had at once resigned his commission and returned home. His father received him as the prodigal was received. "Don't be false to your own State," said the true-souled Kentuckian; "go to work, if you must do any thing, to rid our own soil from these invaders." And Harry had obeyed. It was under his own country's flag that he received the wound which had sent him to the North for healing. "I couldn't deny myself one day in Westmore," he said; but the day became six weeks before it was over. Then he went back again to his great work, with my mother's blessing and mine. And ever since I seem to live only to read and answer those dear, brave letters, which come so faithfully to our office under the superscription—"Mrs. Ada Carr Kent."

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[*] The *Puritan* and her consort the *Dictator*, 320 feet long, will not be ready for service till the fall of 1863.

[†] The *Passaic* is the first of the new ten *Monitors*, 200 feet long, all of which will be ready this month.

DEVEREUX DARE, PRIVATE.

MRS. ASHLEIGH DARE always looked at her handsome, manly son with a maternal pride which was altogether excusable. They were a fine couple, for any one's seeing, the widow and her son. Mrs. Dare's forty years had not met her as enemies. The dark brilliance of her eyes was undimmed. Scarcely a thread of silver flecked the raven blackness of her hair. Her complexion kept bright still its clear, dark tints, and even her figure had not lost its old stately grace. The haughty French blood in her veins was not chilled either. She was as fit to be the mother of a hero as she had been to be Colonel Dare's wife—Colonel Dare, whose back no foeman ever saw.

Her son was after her own heart. He had her dark eyes and hair, her sparkling expression, and Huguenot hauteur; all intensified in him, however, by the long-during, persistent nature of his father, which he had inherited along with a certain resolute contour of mouth, which was the only external sign of his paternity. For all the rest he was, outwardly, a Devereux. No need to ask from which side his courage came—neither Dare nor Devereux had ever reckoned a coward among their children.

They had been discussing, these two, an engrossing question. It was just after that dreadful day at Bull Run, when the country needed so bitterly all her children, and every loyal heart was throbbing to one anguish of endeavor. Regiments were being filled up rapidly, and young Dare, just home, in the spring of '61, from his three years of foreign travel, was only waiting his mother's consent to enlist. He looked at her now with persuasive eyes.

"It should not be you, mamma, the daughter of a heroic race, the widow of a man who got his death-blow in the front of the fray, who would hold back your son when the land of his fathers has need of him."

"I do not, Devereux. I am willing you should enlist if only you will use the interest of your family to procure you a suitable commission."

"I may not be worthy of one. I have not yet proved my fitness to rule."

"Your fitness! It is in your blood."

"Well then, seriously, I do not *want* a commission, because I feel sure that I can do more good by going as a private. All can not be officers, and more men than you think are holding back because they can not. They say—'It is the lower orders who serve in the ranks; we will not fight unless our comrades can be gentlemen.' Every one is waiting for some other. Do you think there are not men in Boston who will follow the flag the more readily if they march in company with my father's son?"

"Your father would not have done—did not do—what you wish to do."

"Because he was needed otherwise."

He knelt down beside her, just then, that handsome, gallant fellow, whom all women found so fascinating. He rested his head on her knee—it was an old, boyish trick he had—and looked with those great, persuading, dark eyes of his up into her face. His voice was full of appeal—his tones grew solemn in their earnestness.

"Mother, I *must* go. I can only go as a private, for my conviction that that is my duty is unalterable. If it is a sacrifice, it is one that must be made. Will not you make it with me? If you kept me back I should hardly be willing to accept life on such terms. It would only be a long misery, with the ghost of this unfulfilled duty stalking beside me forever. Be brave, mother, brave and kind. If I should fall in battle, and lie beside some Southern stream with my life-blood ebbing away, let me not have to think, when your voice and your smile come back to haunt me, that I went away without your blessing."

The heart, the quick, impulsive, woman's heart, through which the eager French blood throbbed, was softened. Tears fell from the proud eyes, and glistened a moment in the short curls of the head upon her silken lap. Then she put her hands on those thick curls with a caressing touch, and said to him:

"You have conquered. I will not keep you back from the duty your eyes see so clearly. You may be right. At any rate, if you go, you shall go with my blessing, and remember that one at home prays for you every hour."

Tears, not hers, wet the hand her son drew to his mouth. Strongest hearts in the fray are tenderest oftentimes at the hearth-stone.

That was one struggle and one victory. The soldier had yet another conflict to dare—a harder one possibly—in the boudoir of Clara Gage.

He went there that night after his enlistment had been registered. She was his betrothed wife, and he loved her as a brave man can love a true woman. It may be that he feared her a little, also. If he did, forgive him, for there was nothing else out of heaven that he did fear. In her case it was only because she was so precious to him that no calamity, save loss of honor, could have been reckoned by the same measure as loss of her. Somehow he shrank from telling her his plan, and meeting the look he fancied her eyes would wear when she heard it; and so he had unfolded it to her in a note which she had received that morning. He hoped that she would have reconciled herself to his views before he saw her.

I think he could have done a good many sterner things with less fluttering of the heart than he felt when he walked into the little azure-hung room where she waited for him.

She was a beauty of a different type from his handsome mother; but of one no less haughty. She was pure Saxon, with hair of dun gold, and blue eyes which could swim in seas of passionate tenderness, but which knew how to flash scorn, or scintillate anger. Just the woman for long loving or long hating. Your dark-eyed beauties are too stormy, their emotions exhaust themselves. For slow, strong patience in hating or loving give me a slight woman with fair hair and innocent-looking blue eyes.

Miss Gage met her lover cordially enough—a wary general does not commence his attack till he has reconnoitred the field. If he can maintain his own line of defense and lure the enemy to leave covert and begin the battle, so much the better the chances in his favor. Perhaps Miss Gage had read Hardee.

She talked smilingly about the weather. She was going, next week, to Newport—couldn't she persuade him to go too? They would have merry times.

"I shall have to do with other balls," he said, a little resolutely, determined that she should beat no longer about the bush of his purpose.

She raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Saratoga?"

"Virginia, rather."

"A bad time to go South, in summer."

"Necessity makes all times alike. Did you not get my note?"

"What—that pleasantry you sent me this morning about enlisting? Did you think I did not know you better? Fancy Devereux Dare trudging through the Virginia mud, with that rolled-up bundle, whatever they call it, on his back!"

"It is well to fancy it, Clara. It will be real soon. I enlisted to-night."

"Without asking me?"

"Forgive me. My life was God's and my country's before it was yours. I knew my duty. I dared not run the risk of having my resolution shaken by your persuasions. I should not be worth your loving, Clara, if I could shrink from what I know I am called of Heaven to do."

"I thought Heaven's calls were of a more peaceful nature—to pray or preach to men, not shoot them. What does your mother say?"

"That she will pray for her absent soldier every hour in the day. Her prayers and yours will be my shield."

"I will *not* pray for you!" The girl's lips whitened with anger and resolution as she spoke.

"Not pray for me?"

"No; unless I do so unwittingly, in the prayer we are taught to offer for our enemies. You are my enemy if you go."

There was nothing weak or irresolute in Miss Gage's face. Her voice was quiet and even. Dare shivered as its firm tones fell on his ear.

"Clara," he cried, "what does this mean? You said that you loved me last night."

"It means simply that, like most women, I give in such measure as I receive. Last night I thought *you* loved *me*."

"And so I do, God knows!"

"Do you think I believe you? Would a man who loved a woman go away from her to almost certain destruction without even the grace to tell her his purpose until after he had pledged himself? Why did you not come here before you enlisted?"

"Because I was too cowardly. You have the honest truth now. I loved you so well that I dared not trust myself to your persuasions. My duty, I hope, I should have done in any case; but I shrank from the strain my heart-strings would suffer in doing it when you were holding me back."

A half-suppressed triumph looked from Clara Gage's eyes. She liked, even then, this confession of her power over him. She determined to test it fully. As his mother had done before her, she asked,

"Why do you not get a commission?—I know you could. It would be bad enough to have you go at best. It is so much easier to fight where the martial music clashes, and the excitement of the hour works heart and brain to madness, than to wait at home and open every day's newspaper as if it might contain your death-warrant. I might bear it; I might forgive your leaving me so cruelly if you went in a position worthy of your name. If you go as a private I never will."

Dare's courage rose now. Summoned by her attack, it leaped up and formed into line-of-battle with quick bravery. He answered her as he had answered his mother before—gave her, with calm patience, all his reasons.

Her eyes hardened, looking wide at him with a cold want of comprehension, of sympathy, which he had never seen in them before. She waited until he was all through, when she said—oh! so quietly,

"My mind is not changed. If you go, as you have planned, you go my enemy, not my betrothed."

Passion-heat of the dark-browed Devereux, tempered to firmness by the Dare persistency, rose up in his nature and took the reins. Had he yielded then to her commands, so ungently given, I believe that nothing could have appeased the measure of his self-contempt but to die by his own hand, like an old Roman. She had gone just the one step too far. He had no more persuasion for her now, and scant courtesy. His voice shivered through her nerves like the sharp whirr of a bullet.

"I accept the position toward you which you elect! Miss Gage, you had better ask God to forgive you in time; your death-bed will not be easy without such mercy!"

She trembled. There was that in his tone and manner which appalled her. She began to feel that she was a woman, and weak; and he was a man, and strong. But she had a pride as stern and inflexible as his courage. For sole answer she took from her finger a ring, wherein a single diamond sparkled, and dropped it into his extended palm. Then rising, she bowed as she would have dismissed a morning visitor, as he stood, hat in hand, before her. He had loved that woman, with her blue eyes and her pale hair. He looked at her hungrily. His soul clamored for one touch of her careless hand, her falsely-smiling lips. But he mastered the emotion, and only said,

"I shall fight the better for this, Miss Gage! More than one dead rebel will have you to thank for his death-wound. The man who leaves least at home can best afford to throw his life away."

Two days after that he marched with his regiment. He had not seen Clara Gage again.

She did not go the next week to Newport. She had said he would be to her only as her enemy, but a sickening longing took possession of her to trace that enemy's fate. She could not have danced—I think her limbs were too unsteady. Her father—she had no mother—was astonished at her resolution to remain in town all through the season; combated it a little at first; then became convinced that, after all, no place was more comfortable than Beacon Hill, and began to rejoice secretly in the prospect of coming from business to an open house, and a home which a woman's presence made comfortable.

He knew nothing of the great wave that had swept over his daughter's life. He heard, indeed, that Devereux Dare, whom he knew to be his prospective son-in-law, had gone to the war as a private. Like every one else he wondered, and grumbled out, besides, a little personal dissatisfaction. He knew not that the vow which bound those two had been sundered; and if the face opposite to him was pale, he had not too much perception to joke his daughter about her sweet-heart, until one day she silenced him with these words, at which he experienced something such a sensation as if a rebel shell had fallen suddenly at his feet and exploded there:

"Father, there are some things which I can not bear—this is one. Never name Mr. Dare's name to me again."

Thereupon she retired into her shell, and he was left outside wondering. He had thought to please her by talking of her lover; to give her an opportunity to express her grief at his absence, and seek for sympathy; but it seemed she did not like it. Well, he could be silent; it cost him nothing. Little he knew what to hear that name or to speak it cost her!

The autumn had not passed before, in the depths of her soul, she had repented; but her stubborn pride would scarcely acknowledge it even to herself. She would not open her heart to one emotion of tender ruth. Yet there was something feverish in the eagerness with which she caught at every day's paper. Scarcely his own mother followed the footsteps of that regiment so ceaselessly.

Mrs. Dare waited in hope. Once persuaded to consent to her son's wishes, she had gone with him heart and soul. She had said she would pray for him hourly, and she did. Perhaps those prayers were mighty to turn aside Southern bullets. He was in many engagements—wounded slightly sometimes; but, so far, he had seemed to bear a charmed life. No great peril came near him.

Before he went away he had told his mother that all was at an end between him and Miss Gage, and given her the reason. He had not entered into particulars, but the little he said had been enough to enlist on his side all his mother's ardent sympathies. The two women had been almost friends before—drawn together by their love for one object. Since he went away they had never spoken. They had met in the street a few times, passing each other with a cold bow, and that was all. Mrs. Dare saw at these times that the girl was growing pale, and it did her heart good.

At length came the news from Winchester, of the retreat where the Massachusetts boys brought up the rear, forming in the line of battle and fighting as they went. In the list of the wounded two women read with strained eyes these words:

"Private Devereux Dare—dangerously."

One with white lips, and a cry of passionate bewailing—"Oh, my boy! my boy!" The other, with tearless face, and the wail of a yet deeper agony—"And I told him I would not pray for him!" Each with the one purpose of hastening to her hero.

Miss Gage did not delay. She put on her bonnet and went at once to his mother's house. Mrs. Dare received her coldly.

"I do not understand your coming here now," she began. "I am in too much trouble to receive visitors. Do you not know—have you not heard—?"

"Every thing. Can't you see that it is killing me? Even though you are his mother, you would forgive me if you knew what I have suffered. I love him. I did love him all the while. I must, I will go to him. I must hear him speak my pardon before he dies."

Mrs. Dare's warm, impulsive heart softened to the poor, anguish-torn creature, who sank imploringly on the floor at her feet. She knelt down beside her and folded her arms round her, and raised her up.

"You shall go, Clara; you shall go with me, and I pray God that we may yet look upon his face again in this life's life. The train leaves at four. Can you be ready?"

"You will find me waiting for you at the dépôt."

It was well for Clara Gage that she had a proud woman's fortitude. Once assured that she might go to him, she did not suffer her limbs to tremble, or her face to betray her. With step as lofty as ever she went home. She met her father going up the steps.

"Father," she said, speaking with the calmness of one all whose plans are fixed—"Devereux is dangerously wounded, and I am going to him. I shall start at four with Mrs. Dare."

Seldom is a woman in any position more entirely her own mistress than was Miss Gage. Her father never thought of disputing her will, or interfering with her purposes. Moreover, he had never been informed of the dissolution of her engagement, and thought it but natural that she should resolve to go to her lover. She encountered no opposition from him, therefore, but rather help. Hurriedly her preparations were made, and when Mrs. Dare reached the station she found her companion waiting for her.

It was midnight of the second day when, after long travel and many delays, they reached the hospital. For a moment Mrs. Dare held parley with the surgeon.

"Was it safe to go to him? Would he know them? Where was his wound?"

Clara Gage listened for the reply, clasping Mrs. Dare's arm with her nervous fingers till it ached.

"Yes, they might see him and tend him; it would do no harm; but he would not know them, he was delirious. His right arm was shot away, and he had, besides, a severe wound in his chest."

"Was there any hope?"

"A little—there might be a chance for him with good nursing. It looked more like it now than it did two days ago."

Then they went to his bedside—those two women who loved him.

He lay there, his cheeks flushed, his eyes wild with fever. He was talking incoherently—living over again, as it seemed, the brave charge in which he had fallen. At last he murmured, in tender tones,

"You said you would pray for me, mother. Are you praying for your boy now?"

Then, indeed, tears rained from his mother's eyes as she stood bending over him. But Miss Gage could not weep; had she not said she would *not* pray for him?

For days they tended him—almost, it seemed, without sleep or rest; hardly knowing, in their anxiety, whether it was one day or many. There were slow steps from despair toward hope; and by-and-by there came an afternoon when he looked at them with calm eyes, and spoke to them in his own voice.

"Mother, you here? This makes home in a strange land. And Clara—?"

Miss Gage was not too proud then to sink on her knees by the bedside, and her voice shook so with her sobs that he could hardly hear her say,

"Forgive me—oh, can you? I did not mean it when I said you were my enemy, and I would not pray for you. I *have* prayed for you, Devereux."

"And I have forgiven you, Clara. Not at first, though; the sense of wrong was too bitter then. It was just before that last charge. The bullets were raining thick, and I knew it was an even chance whether I came out of it alive. Then I thought of you. I remembered how I had loved you. The bitterness went out of my heart, and that mighty love surged back. When the rest shouted their war-cry I only cried 'Clara!' and on we swept."

"No more talking, ladies, unless you would lose again all we have gained."

It was the surgeon's voice, as he went his round, and it put an end to a conversation that gave back to Clara Gage hope and youth.

It was not until they had been able to remove the beloved patient by easy stages to Boston that any thing was said about the future. Then, one day, he drew from his bosom a ring fastened to his neck by a blue ribbon.

"Untie it, Clara."

Miss Gage obeyed him, as he reached it toward her.

For a moment he held the ring, sparkling and glittering in the fingers of his one hand. Then he said:

"I put on this ring before with my right hand. I had a strong arm then to shield and support you. Do you care to wear my token, when I have only my left hand to put it on with?"

For all answer she held out her finger, waiting for the ring. He hesitated still.

"Do you understand all it means? Do you care to marry a one-armed man?"

"I care to be yours, if you think me good enough to wear the honor of your name. I shall only be prouder of my hero because he bears about with him a token of how dear he held his country and his manhood."

And so the ring was placed again on Clara Gage's finger, and the next week they were married. He had wanted her before, but he needed her now; and she had come too near to losing him to delay her happiness by any coy pretenses.

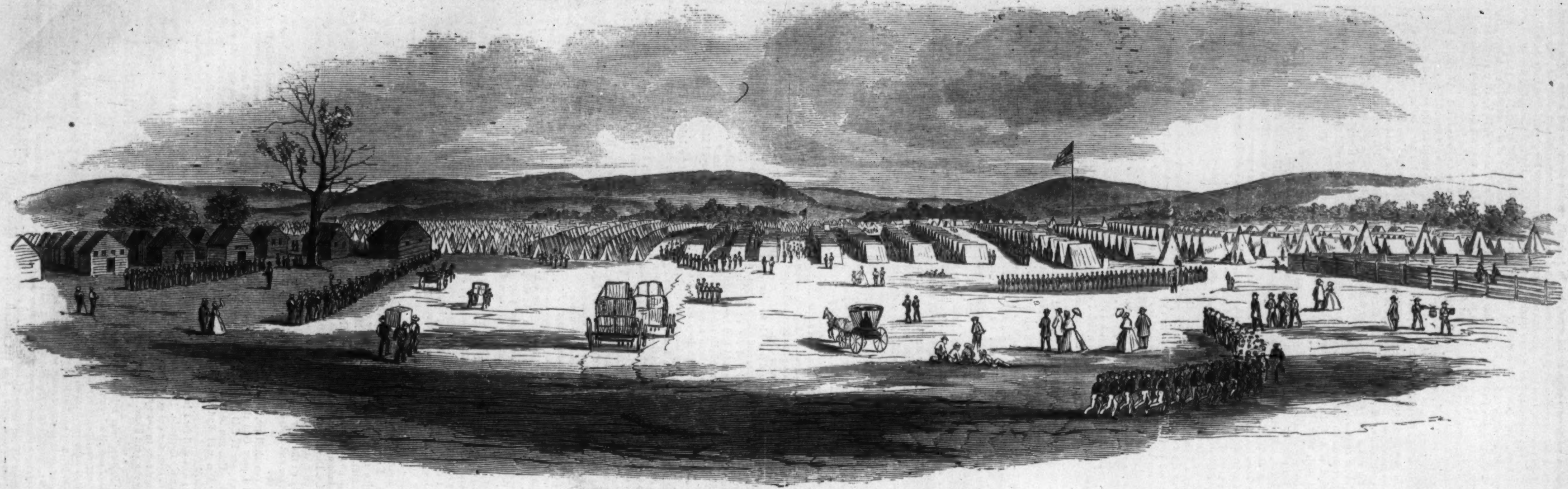
He has gained strength rapidly—perhaps because he *willed* to be well, or because he was so happy. His country had yet work for him to do. As one who had a right to say "come" and not "go," he has aided in the cause of recruiting under the recent calls. He who has given so much has a right to ask others to risk something. To those who know him his example is more eloquent than his words.

CAMP CURTIN.

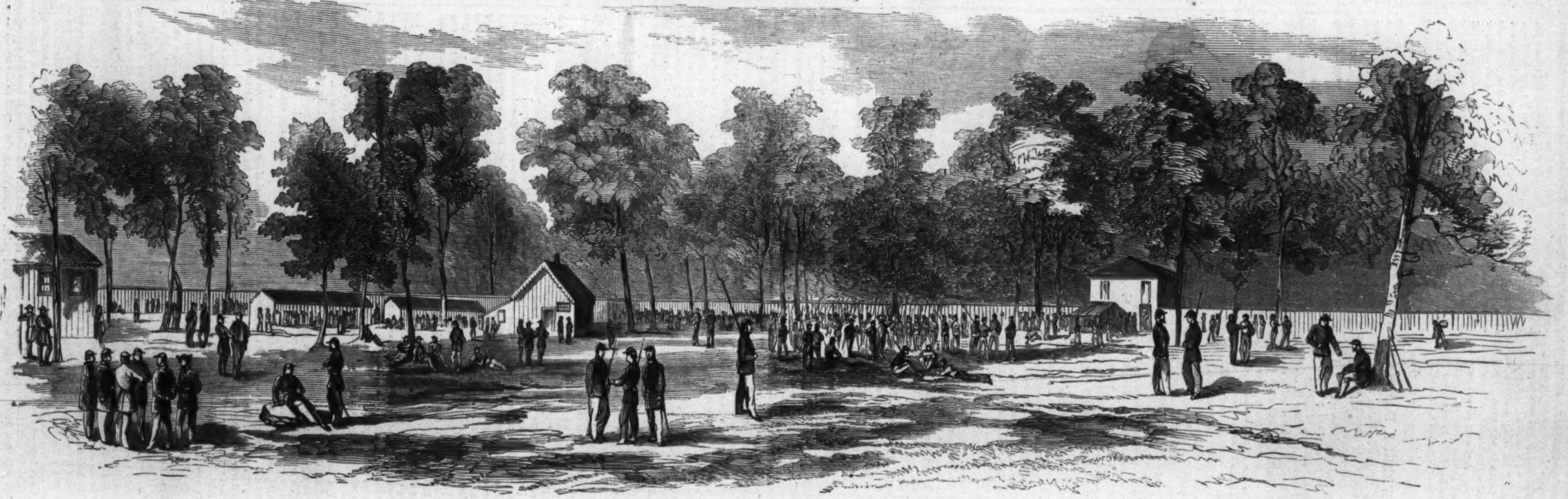
ON page 588 we give a representation of CAMP CURTIN, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the great camp of instruction for Volunteers in Pennsylvania. It is situate on the bank of the Susquehanna, about one mile northwest of Harrisburg. At the time our sketch was made some 20,000 athletic fellows, from the various counties of Pennsylvania, were being drilled there and equipped for the war. General Wool lately reviewed them, and expressed himself much pleased with their proficiency in drill.

CAMP MORTON.

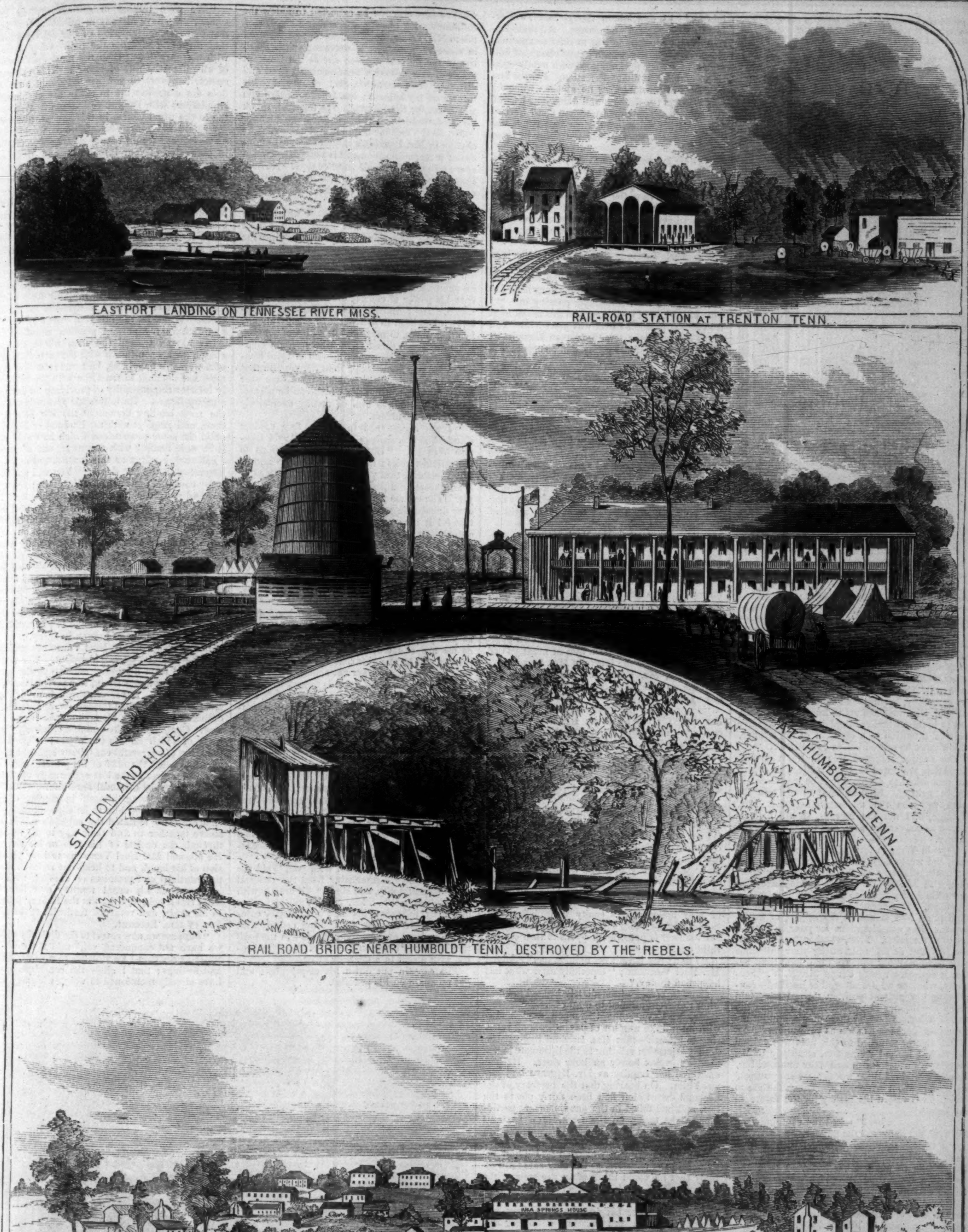
ON page 588 we give a picture of CAMP MORTON, at Indianapolis, Indiana. This is the camp of instruction where the Indiana Volunteers are mustered and drilled before being sent forward to the war. It is situate on the outskirts of the town of Indianapolis, and was formerly used as a fair ground. No State has done more nobly than Indiana; no camp has sent forward more or better soldiers to the war than Camp Morton.



CAMP CURTIN, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[See Page 587.]



CAMP MORTON, NEAR INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—[See Page 587.]



EASTPORT LANDING ON TENNESSEE RIVER MISS.

RAIL-ROAD STATION AT TRENTON TENN.

STATION AND HOTEL AT HUMBOLDT TENN.

RAIL ROAD BRIDGE NEAR HUMBOLDT TENN. DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.

IUKA. MISS.

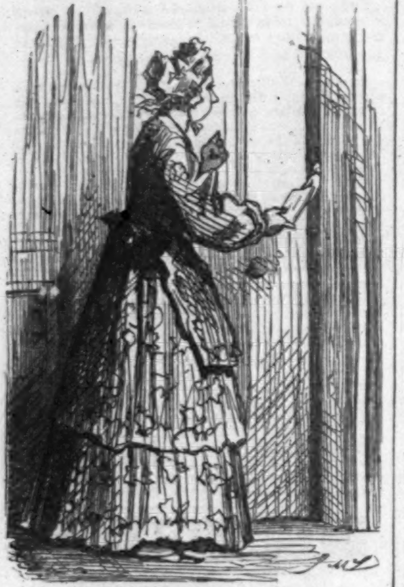
SCENES IN SOUTHERN TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.



CHAPTER VIII.

ON returning to the house Captain Wragge received a significant message from the servant. "Mr. Noel Vanstone would call again at two o'clock that afternoon, when he hoped to have the pleasure of finding Mr. Bygrave at home."

The captain's first inquiry, after hearing this message, referred to Magdalen. "Where was Miss Bygrave?" "In her own room." "Where was Mrs. Bygrave?" "In the back parlor." Captain Wragge turned his steps at once in the latter direction, and found his wife for the second time in tears. She had been sent out of Magdalen's room for the whole day, and she was at her wits' end to know what she had done to deserve it. Shortening her lamentations without ceremony, her husband sent her up stairs on the spot, with instructions to knock at the door, and to inquire whether Magdalen could give five minutes' attention to a question of importance, which must be settled before two o'clock.

The answer returned was in the negative. Magdalen requested that the subject on which she was asked to decide might be mentioned to her in writing. She engaged to reply in the same way—on the understanding that Mrs. Wragge, and not the servant, should be employed to deliver the note, and to take back the answer.

Captain Wragge forthwith opened his paper-case, and wrote these lines: "Accept my warmest congratulations on the result of your interview with Mr. N. V. He is coming again at two o'clock, no doubt to make his proposals in due form. The question to decide is, whether I shall press him or not on the subject of settlements. The considerations for your own mind are two in number. First, whether the said pressure (without at all underrating your influence over him) may not squeeze for a long time before it squeezes money out of Mr. N. V. Secondly, whether we are altogether justified—considering our present position toward a certain sharp practitioner in petticoats—in running the risk of delay. Consider these points, and let me have your decision as soon as convenient."

The answer returned to this note was written in crooked blotted characters, strangely unlike Magdalen's usually firm and clear handwriting. It only contained these words: "Give yourself no trouble about settlements. Leave the use to which he is to put his money for the future in my hands."

"Did you see her?" asked the captain, when his wife had delivered the answer.

"I tried," said Mrs. Wragge, with a fresh burst of tears—"but she only opened the door far enough to put out her hand. I took and gave it a little squeeze—and, oh poor soul, it felt so cold in mine!"

When Mrs. Lecount's master made his appearance at two o'clock he stood alarmingly in need of an anodyne application from Mrs. Lecount's green fan. The agitation of making his avowal to Magdalen; the terror of finding himself discovered by the housekeeper; the tormenting suspicion of the hard pecuniary conditions which Magdalen's relative and guardian might impose on him—all these emotions, stirring in conflict together, had overpowered his feebly-working heart with a trial that strained it sorely. He gasped for breath as he sat down in the parlor at North Shingles, and that ominous bluish pallor which always overspread his face in moments of agitation now made its warning appearance again. Captain Wragge seized the brandy bottle in genuine alarm, and forced his visitor to drink a wine-glassful of the spirit before a word was said between them on either side.

Restored by the stimulant, and encouraged by the readiness with which the captain anticipated every thing that he had to say, Mr. Noel Vanstone contrived to state the serious object of his visit in tolerably plain terms. All the conventional preliminaries proper to the occasion were easily disposed of. The suitor's family was respectable; his position in life was undeniably satisfactory; his attachment, though hasty, was evidently disinterested and sincere. All that Captain Wragge had to do was to refer to these various considerations with a happy choice of language, in a voice that trembled with manly emotion—and this he did to perfection. For the first half hour of the interview no allusion whatever was made to the delicate and dangerous part of the subject. The captain waited until he had composed his visitor, and when that result was achieved came smoothly to the point in these terms:

"There is one little difficulty, Mr. Vanstone, which I think we have both overlooked. Your housekeeper's recent conduct inclines me to fear that she will view the approaching change in your life with any thing but a friendly eye. Probably you have not thought it necessary yet to inform her of the new tie which you propose to form?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone turned pale at the bare idea of explaining himself to Mrs. Lecount.

"I can't tell what I'm to do," he said, glancing aside nervously at the window, as if he expected to see the housekeeper peeping in. "I hate all awkward positions; and this is the most unpleasant position I ever was placed in. You don't know what a terrible woman Lecount is. I'm not afraid of her; pray don't suppose I'm afraid of her—"

At those words his fears rose in his throat, and gave him the lie direct by stopping his utterance.

"Pray don't trouble yourself to explain," said Captain Wragge, coming to the rescue. "This is the common story, Mr. Vanstone. Here is a woman who has grown old in your service, and in your father's service before you; a woman who has contrived, in all sorts of small underhand ways, to presume systematically on her position for years and years past; a woman, in short, whom your inconsiderate but perfectly natural kindness has allowed to claim a right of property in you—"

"Property!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, mistaking the captain, and letting the truth escape him through sheer inability to conceal his fears any longer. "I don't know what amount of property she won't claim. She'll make me pay for my father as well as for myself. Thousands, Mr. Bygrave—thousands of pounds sterling out of my pocket!!!" He clasped his hands in despair at the picture of pecuniary compulsion which his fancy had conjured up, his own golden life-blood spouting from him in great jets of prodigality under the lancet of Mrs. Lecount!

"Gently, Mr. Vanstone—gently! The woman knows nothing so far, and the money is not gone yet."

"No, no—the money is not gone, as you say. I'm only nervous about it; I can't help being nervous. You were saying something just now; you were going to give me advice. I value your advice—you don't know how highly I value your advice." He said those words with a conciliatory smile, which was more than helpless: it was absolutely servile in its dependence on his judicious friend.

"I was only assuring you, my dear Sir, that I understood your position," said the captain. "I see your difficulty as plainly as you can see it yourself. Tell a woman like Mrs. Lecount that she must come off her domestic throne to make way for a young and beautiful successor armed with the authority of a wife, and an unpleasant scene must be the inevitable result. An unpleasant scene, Mr. Vanstone, if your opinion of your housekeeper's sanity is well founded. Something far more serious, if my opinion that her intellect is unsettled happens to turn out the right one."

"I don't say it isn't my opinion too," rejoined Mr. Noel Vanstone; "especially after what has happened to-day."

Captain Wragge immediately begged to know what the event alluded to might be.

Mr. Noel Vanstone thereupon explained—with an infinite number of parentheses all referring to himself—that Mrs. Lecount had put the dreaded question relating to the little note in her master's pocket barely an hour since. He had answered her inquiry as Mr. Bygrave had advised him. On hearing that the accuracy of the personal description had been fairly put to the test, and had failed in the one important particular of the moles on the neck, Mrs. Lecount had considered a little, and had then asked him whether he had shown her note to Mr. Bygrave before the experiment was tried? He had answered in the negative, as the only safe form of reply that he could think of on the spur of the moment; and the housekeeper had thereupon addressed him in these strange and startling words: "You are keeping the truth from me, Mr. Noel. You are trusting strangers, and doubting your old servant and your old friend. Every time you go to Mr. Bygrave's house, every time you see Miss Bygrave, you are drawing nearer and nearer to your destruction. They have got the bandage over your eyes in spite of me; but I tell them, and tell you, before many days are over I will take it off!" To this extraordinary outbreak—accompanied as it was by an expression in Mrs. Lecount's face which he had never seen there before—Mr. Noel Vanstone made no reply. Mr. Bygrave's conviction that there was a lurking taint of insanity in the housekeeper's blood had recurred to his memory, and he had left the room at the first opportunity.

Captain Wragge listened with the closest attention to the narrative thus presented to him. But one conclusion could be drawn from it—it was a plain warning to him to hasten the end.

"I am not surprised," he said, gravely, "to hear that you are inclining more favorably to my opinion. After what you have just told me, Mr. Vanstone, no sensible man could do otherwise. This is becoming serious. I hardly know what results may not be expected to follow the communication of your approaching change of life to Mrs. Lecount. My niece may be involved in those results. She is nervous; she is sensitive in the highest degree; she is the innocent object of this woman's unreasoning hatred and distrust. You alarm me, Sir! I am not easily thrown off my balance; but I acknowledge you alarm me for the future." He frowned, shook his head, and looked at his visitor despondently.

Mr. Noel Vanstone began to feel uneasy. The change in Mr. Bygrave's manner seemed ominous of a reconsideration of his proposals from a new and an unfavorable point of view. He took counsel of his inborn cowardice and his inborn cunning, and proposed a solution of the difficulty discovered by himself.

"Why should we tell Lecount at all?" he asked. "What right has Lecount to know? Can't we be married without letting her into the secret? And can't somebody tell her afterward, when we are both out of her reach?"

Captain Wragge received this proposal with an expression of surprise, which did infinite credit to his power of control over his own countenance. His foremost object throughout the interview had been to conduct it to this point—or, in other words, to make the first idea of keeping the marriage a secret from Mrs. Lecount emanate from Noel Vanstone instead of from himself. No one knew better than the captain that the only responsibilities which a weak man ever accepts are responsibilities which can be perpetually pointed out to him as resting exclusively on his own shoulders.

"I am accustomed to set my face against clandestine proceedings of all kinds," said Captain Wragge. "But there are exceptions to the strictest rules; and I am bound to admit, Mr. Vanstone, that your position in this matter is an exceptional position, if ever there was one yet. The course you have just proposed—however unbecoming I may think it; however distasteful it may be to myself—would not only spare you a very serious embarrassment (to say the least of it), but would also protect you from the personal assertion of those pecuniary claims on the part of your housekeeper to which you have already adverted. These are both desirable results to achieve—to say nothing of the removal, on my side, of all apprehension of annoyance to my niece. On the other hand, however, a marriage solemnized with such privacy as you propose must be a hasty marriage—for, as we are situated, the longer the delay, the greater will be the risk that our secret may escape our keeping. I am not against hasty marriages where a mutual flame is fanned by an adequate income. My own was a love-match, contracted in a hurry. There are plenty of instances in the experience of every one of short courtships and speedy marriages which have turned up trumps—I beg your pardon—which have turned out well after all. But if you and my niece, Mr. Vanstone, are to add one to the number of these cases, the usual preliminaries of marriage among the higher classes must be hastened by some means. You doubtless understand me as now referring to the subject of settlements?"

"I'll take another tea-spoonful of brandy," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, holding out his glass with a trembling hand as the word "settlements" passed Captain Wragge's lips.

"I'll take a tea-spoonful with you," said the captain, nimbly dismounting from the pedestal of his respectability, and sipping his brandy with the highest relish. Mr. Noel Vanstone, after nervously following his host's example, composed himself to meet the coming ordeal, with reclining head and grasping hands—in the position familiarly associated to all civilized humanity, with a seat in a dentist's chair.

The captain put down his empty glass, and got up again on his pedestal.

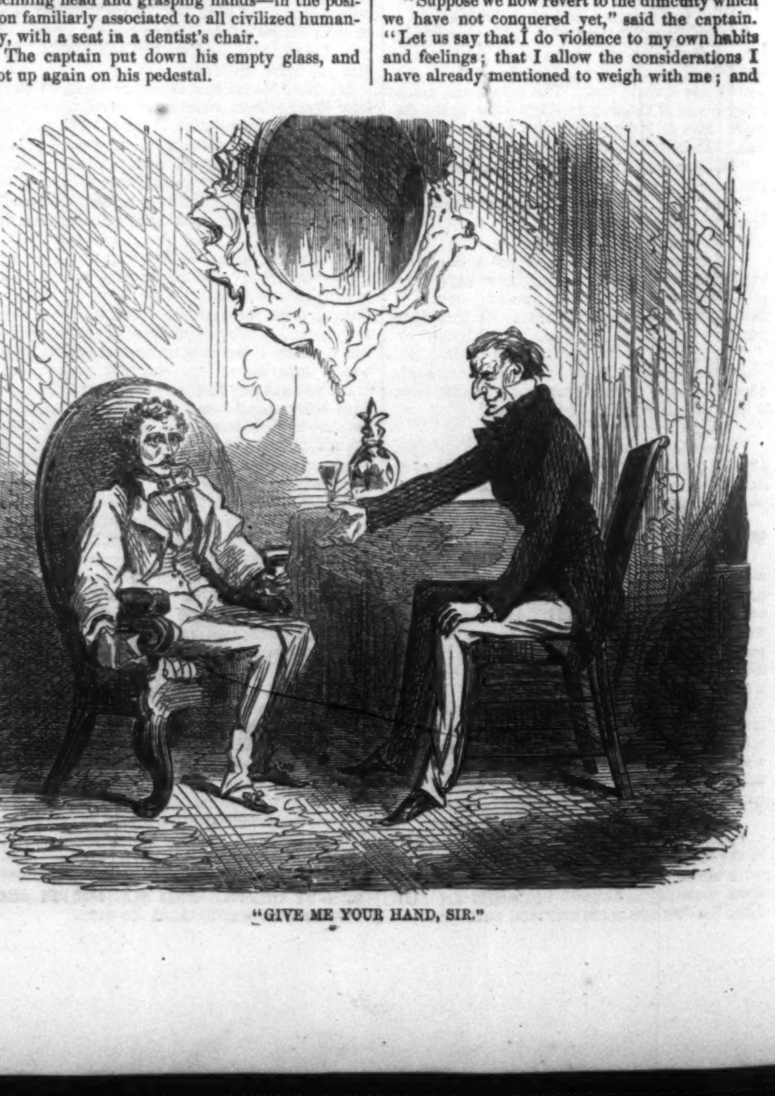
"We were talking of settlements," he resumed. "I have already mentioned, Mr. Vanstone, at an earlier period of our conversation, that my niece presents the man of her choice with no other dowry than the most inestimable of all gifts—the gift of herself. This circumstance, however (as you are no doubt aware), does not disentitle me to make the customary stipulations with her future husband. According to the usual course in this matter, my lawyer would see yours—consultations would take place—delays would occur—strangers would be in possession of your intentions—and Mrs. Lecount would, sooner or later, arrive at that knowledge of the truth which you are anxious to keep from her. Do you agree with me so far?"

Unutterable apprehension closed Mr. Noel Vanstone's lips. He could only reply by an inclination of the head.

"Very good," said the captain. "Now, Sir, you may possibly have observed that I am a man of a very original turn of mind. If I have not hitherto struck you in that light, it may then be necessary to mention that there are some subjects on which I persist in thinking for myself. The subject of marriage settlements is one of them. What, let me ask you, does a parent or guardian in my present position usually do? After having trusted the man whom he has chosen for his son-in-law with the sacred deposit of a woman's happiness, he turns round on that man, and declines to trust him with the infinitely inferior responsibility of providing for her pecuniary future. He fetters his son-in-law with the most binding document the law can produce, and employs with the husband of his own child the same precautions which he would use if he were dealing with a stranger and a rogue. I call such conduct as this inconsistent and unbecoming in the last degree. You will not find it my course of conduct, Mr. Vanstone; you will not find me preaching what I don't practice. If I trust you with my niece, I trust you with every inferior responsibility toward her and toward me. Give me your hand, Sir; tell me on your word of honor that you will provide for your wife as becomes her position and your means, and the question of settlements is decided between us from this moment, at once and forever!" Having carried out Magdalen's instructions in this lofty tone, he threw open his respectable frock-coat, and sat, with head erect and hand extended, the model of parental feeling, and the picture of human integrity.

For one moment Mr. Noel Vanstone remained literally petrified by astonishment. The next, he started from his chair, and wrung the hand of his magnanimous friend in a perfect transport of admiration. Never yet, throughout his long and varied career, had Captain Wragge felt such difficulty in keeping his countenance as he felt now. Contempt for the outburst of miserly gratitude of which he was the object; triumph in the sense of successful conspiracy against a man who had rated the offer of his protection at five pounds; regret at the lost opportunity of effecting a fine stroke of moral agriculture, which his dread of involving himself in coming consequences had forced him to let slip—all these varied emotions agitated the captain's mind; all strove together to find their way to the surface through the outlets of his face or his tongue. He allowed Mr. Noel Vanstone to keep possession of his hand, and to heap one series of shrill protestations and promises on another, until he had regained his usual mastery over himself. That result achieved, he put the little man back in his chair, and returned forthwith to the subject of Mrs. Lecount.

"Suppose we now revert to the difficulty which we have not conquered yet," said the captain. "Let us say that I do violence to my own habits and feelings; that I allow the considerations I have already mentioned to weigh with me; and



"GIVE ME YOUR HAND, SIR."

that I sanction your wish to be united to my niece, without the knowledge of Mrs. Lecount. Allow me to inquire, in that case, what means you can suggest for the accomplishment of your end?"

"I can't suggest any thing," replied Mr. Noel Vanstone, helplessly. "Would you object to suggest for me?"

"You are making a bolder request than you think, Mr. Vanstone. I never do things by halves. When I am acting with my customary candor, I am frank (as you know already) to the utmost verge of imprudence. When exceptional circumstances compel me to take an opposite course, there isn't a slyer fox alive than I am. If, at your express request, I take off my honest English coat here, and put on a Jesuit's gown—if, purely out of sympathy for your awkward position, I consent to keep your secret for you from Mrs. Lecount—I must have no unseasonable scruples to contend with on your part. If it is neck or nothing on my side, Sir—it must be neck or nothing on yours also!"

"Neck or nothing by all means," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, briskly, "on the understanding that you go first. I have no scruples about keeping Lecount in the dark. But she is devilish cunning, Mr. Bygrave. How is it to be done?"

"You shall hear directly," replied the captain. "Before I develop my views I should like to have your opinion on an abstract question of morality. What do you think, my dear Sir, of pious frauds in general?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone looked a little embarrassed by the question.

"Shall I put it more plainly?" continued Captain Wragge. "What do you say to the universally-accepted maxim, that 'all stratagems are fair in love and war?'—Yes, or No?"

"Yes!" answered Mr. Voel Vanstone, with the utmost readiness.

"One more question and I have done," said the captain. "Do you see any particular objection to practicing a pious fraud on Mrs. Lecount?"

Mr. Noel Vanstone's resolution began to falter a little.

"Is Lecount likely to find it out?" he asked, cautiously.

"She can't possibly discover it until after you are married, and out of her reach."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Play any trick you like on Lecount," said Mr. Noel Vanstone, with an air of unutterable relief. "I have had my suspicions lately that she is trying to domineer over me; I am beginning to feel that I have borne with Lecount long enough. I wish I was well rid of her."

"You shall have your wish," said Captain Wragge. "You shall be rid of her in a week or ten days."

Mr. Noel Vanstone rose eagerly and approached the captain's chair.

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "How do you mean to send her away?"

"I mean to send her on a journey," replied Captain Wragge.

"Where?"

"From your house at Aldborough to her brother's bedside at Zurich."

Mr. Noel Vanstone started back at the answer, and returned suddenly to his chair.

"How can you do that?" he inquired, in the greatest perplexity. "Her brother (hang him!) is much better. She had another letter from Zurich to say so, this morning."

"Did you see the letter?"

"Yes. She always worries about her brother—she *would* show it to me."

"Who was it from? and what did it say?"

"It was from the doctor—he always writes to her. I don't care two straws about her brother; and I don't remember much of the letter, except that it was a short one. The fellow was much better; and if the doctor didn't write again she might take it for granted that he was getting well. That was the substance of it."

"Did you notice where she put the letter when you gave it her back again?"

"Yes. She put it in the drawer where she keeps her account-books."

"Can you get at that drawer?"

"Of course I can. I have got a duplicate key—I always insist on a duplicate key of the place where she keeps her account-books. I never allow the account-books to be locked up from my inspection: it's a rule of the house."

"Be so good as to get that letter to-day, Mr. Vanstone, without your housekeeper's knowledge; and add to the favor by letting me have it here privately for an hour or two."

"What do you want it for?"

"I have some more questions to ask before I can tell you. Have you any intimate friend at Zurich whom you could trust to help you in playing a trick on Mrs. Lecount?"

"What sort of help do you mean?" asked Mr. Noel Vanstone.

"Suppose," said the captain, "you were to send a letter addressed to Mrs. Lecount, at Aldborough, inclosed in another letter addressed to one of your friends abroad? And suppose you were to instruct that friend to help a harmless practical joke by posting Mrs. Lecount's letter at Zurich? Do you know any one who could be trusted to do that?"

"I know two people who could be trusted!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone. "Both ladies—both spinsters—both bitter enemies of Lecount's. But what is your drift, Mr. Bygrave? Though I am not usually wanting in penetration, I don't altogether see your drift."

"You shall see it directly, Mr. Vanstone."

With these words he rose, withdrew to his desk in the corner of the room, and wrote a few lines on a sheet of note-paper. After first reading them carefully to himself, he beckoned to Mr. Noel Vanstone to come and read them too.

"A few minutes since," said the captain, pointing complacently to his own composition with the feather end of his pen, "I had the honor of suggesting a pious fraud on Mrs. Lecount. There it is!"

He resigned his chair at the writing-table to his visitor. Mr. Noel Vanstone sat down, and read these lines:

> "MY DEAR MADAM,—Since I last wrote I deeply regret to inform you that your brother has suffered a relapse. The symptoms are so serious that it is my painful duty to summon you instantly to his bedside. I am making every effort to resist the renewed progress of the malady, and I have not yet lost all hope of success. But I can not reconcile it to my conscience to leave you in ignorance of a serious change in my patient for the worse, which *may* be attended by fatal results. With much sympathy, I remain, etc., etc., etc."

Captain Wragge waited with some anxiety for the effect which this letter might produce. Mean, selfish, and cowardly as he was, even Noel Vanstone might feel some compunction at practicing such a deception as was here suggested on a woman who stood toward him in the position of Mrs. Lecount. She had served him faithfully, however interested her motives might be—she had lived, since he was a lad, in the full possession of his father's confidence—she was living now under the protection of his own roof. Could he fail to remember this; and, remembering it, could he lend his aid without hesitation to the scheme which was now proposed to him? Captain Wragge unconsciously retained belief enough in human nature to doubt it. To his surprise, and, it must be added, to his relief also, his apprehensions proved to be perfectly groundless. The only emotions aroused in Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind by a perusal of the letter were a hearty admiration of his friend's idea, and a vainglorious anxiety to claim the credit to himself of being the person who carried it out. Examples may be found every day of a fool who is no coward; examples may be found occasionally of a fool who is not cunning—but it may reasonably be doubted whether there is a producible instance any where of a fool who is not cruel.

"Perfect!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, clapping his hands. "Mr. Bygrave, you are as good as Figaro in the French comedy. Talking of French, there is one serious mistake in this clever letter of yours—it is written in the wrong language. When the doctor writes to Lecount he writes in French. Perhaps you meant me to translate it? You can't manage without my help, can you? I write French as fluently as I write English. Just look at me! I'll translate it, while I sit here, in two strokes of the pen."

He completed the translation almost as rapidly as Captain Wragge had produced the original. "Wait a minute!" he cried, in high critical triumph at discovering another defect in the composition of his ingenious friend. "The doctor always dates his letters. Here is no date to yours."

"I leave the date to you," said the captain, with a sardonic smile. "You have discovered the fault, my dear Sir, pray correct it!"

Mr. Noel Vanstone mentally looked into the great gulf which separates the faculty that can discover a defect from the faculty that can apply a remedy—and, following the example of many a wiser man, declined to cross over it.

"I couldn't think of taking the liberty," he said, politely. "Perhaps you had a motive for leaving the date out?"

"Perhaps I had," replied Captain Wragge, with his easiest good-humor. "The date must depend on the time a letter takes to get to Zurich. *I* have had no experience on that point—*you* must have had plenty of experience in your father's time. Give me the benefit of your information, and we will add the date before you leave the writing-table."

Mr. Noel Vanstone's experience was, as Captain Wragge had anticipated, perfectly competent to settle the question of time. The railway resources of the Continent (in the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven) were but scanty; and a letter sent, at that period, from England to Zurich, and from Zurich back again to England, occupied ten days in making the double journey by post.

"Date the letter, in French, five days on from to-morrow," said the captain, when he had got his information. "Very good. The next thing is to let me have the doctor's note as soon as you can. I may be obliged to practice some hours before I can copy your translation in an exact imitation of the doctor's handwriting. Have you got any foreign note-paper? Let me have a few sheets; and send, at the same time, an envelope addressed to one of those lady-friends of yours at Zurich, accompanied by the necessary request to post the inclosure. That is all I need trouble you to do, Mr. Vanstone. Don't let me seem inhospitable—but the sooner you can supply me with my materials, the better I shall be pleased. We entirely understand each other, I suppose? Having accepted your proposal for my niece's hand, I sanction a private marriage in consideration of the circumstances on your side. A little harmless stratagem is necessary to forward your views. I invent the stratagem at your request—and you make use of it without the least hesitation. The result is, that in ten days from to-morrow Mrs. Lecount will be on her way to Switzerland—in fifteen days from to-morrow Mrs. Lecount will reach Zurich and discover the trick we have played her—in twenty days from to-morrow Mrs. Lecount will be back at Aldborough, and will find her master's wedding-cards on the table, and her master himself away on his honey-moon trip. I put it arithmetically, for the sake of putting it plain. God bless you. Good-morning!"

"I suppose I may have the happiness of seeing Miss Bygrave to-morrow?" said Mr. Noel Vanstone, turning round at the door.

"We must be careful," replied Captain Wragge. "I don't forbid to-morrow; but I make no promise beyond that. Permit me to remind you that we have got Mrs. Lecount to manage for the next ten days."

"I wish Lecount was at the bottom of the German Ocean!" exclaimed Mr. Noel Vanstone, fervently. "It's all very well for you to manage her—you don't live in the house. What am I to do?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the captain. "Go out for your walk alone and drop in here, as you dropped in to-day, at two o'clock. In the mean time, don't forget those things I want you to send me. Seal them up together in a large envelope. When you have done that, ask Mrs. Lecount to walk out with you as usual; and while she is up stairs putting her bonnet on send the servant across to me. You understand? Good-morning."

An hour afterward the sealed envelope, with its inclosures, reached Captain Wragge in perfect safety. The double task of exactly imitating a strange handwriting, and accurately copying words written in a language with which he was but slightly acquainted, presented more difficulties to be overcome than the captain had anticipated. It was eleven o'clock before the employment which he had undertaken was successfully completed, and the letter to Zurich ready for the post.

Before going to bed he walked out on the deserted parade to breathe the cool night air. All the lights were extinguished in Sea-View Cottage, when he looked that way, except the light in the housekeeper's window. Captain Wragge shook his head suspiciously. He had gained experience enough, by this time, to distrust the wakefulness of Mrs. Lecount.

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